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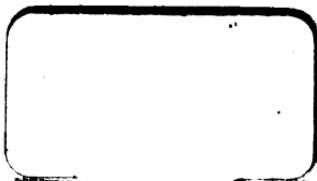
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DR. ROBERT BLAKELY

MEMOIRS,
OF
DR. ROBERT BLAKELY
PROFESSOR OF LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS
QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BELFAST

AUTHOR OF
"HISTORICAL SKETCH OF MORAL SCIENCE," "HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LOGIC"
"THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL LITERATURE," "A HISTORY OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIND"
"LIVES OF THE PRIMITIVE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH"
"A TREATISE ON THE FREEDOM OF THE HUMAN AND DIVINE WILLS"
ETC. ETC.

EDITED BY THE
REV. HENRY MILLER
OF ST. ANDREW'S (PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ENGLAND) HAMMERSMITH

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

IN these pages the public is presented with the record of one of the most laborious lives of the present century. Springing from humble parentage, without a scholastic education, and having had the advantage of few of the accessories adapted to secure literary eminence, Dr. Blakey made himself one of the "Men of the times." He was a man to whom, to use his own words, "the love of knowledge was not only a cold sentiment, but a positive passion from his earliest recollection."

Devoting himself to the pursuit of knowledge from his earliest years, he seems to have read with avidity everything that came in his way, until, his mind taking a philosophical bent, he settled down to the mastery of mental and political science. For this purpose he ransacked the libraries of London, Paris, and Brussels; became acquainted with the leading writers and

thinkers of his day, both at home and abroad, and wrote extensively on his favourite themes. His contemplation of philosophical questions was of no mere abstract kind. It took a practical turn, and led him to write, in various quarters, on their application to the questions of the time, and to use all endeavour for carrying them into practice.

In his autobiography, Dr. Blakey tells the plain, unvarnished story of his life, and its perusal may, perhaps, furnish a helpful stimulus to similar aspirants to literary fame and usefulness. The plodding toil through which he passed, the difficulties he had to contend with, the wide variety of eminent people with whom he mixed, the correspondence he drew from the highest literary men and women of his day, and the post of dignity to which he at last attained as a Professor in one of the National Colleges, all unite to justify such a man in writing the story of his own life. If left to another, the world would most likely have had only a partial or exaggerated view of his character and work.

Dr. Blakey, at the outset, apologises for the vanity

of being his own biographer. But the apology is unnecessary. These Memoirs contain sufficient to make society grateful to him for the self-imposed task.

The book is true to its title, "Memoirs." It is a record of the writer's achievements, recollections, and experiences during a prolonged life, accompanied, at the same time, with candid criticism of individuals, and observations on a variety of subjects. The perusal of the letters of Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Thomas Chalmers, Allan Cunningham, Dr. Robert Southey, William Cobbett, and others, must furnish a rare pleasure to not a few readers of the volume; while Dr. Blakey's conversations with, and personal reminiscences of, such distinguished persons, among others, as Sir Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Edmund Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Bewick, Clennell, Johanna Baillie, Thomas Campbell, Samuel Rogers, Dr. Francis Newman, and Dr. Pusey, cannot fail to make the biography a book of considerable interest among literary circles.

Dr. Blakey was intensely *human*. His appreciation

of field-sports, and especially his love of angling, together with his universal good humour, made his fellowship a boon to all who had its privilege. He was a many-sided man. Like many such, he may not have been "a star that dwelt apart," or reached a lofty pinnacle of fame ; but, taking his life as a whole, it presents to the last generation of this century a remarkable instance of indomitable perseverance and varied excellence.

The Memoirs are in some respects incomplete. Many blanks were met with in the MS. which the writer seems to have intended at some period to fill up ; and some of the pages have been either lost or withdrawn. The Editor has not felt himself at liberty to touch the integrity of the biography by any alterations beyond the arrangement of some of its passages, and the omission of others which seemed likely, either to have little interest for the present generation, or to be calculated to give umbrage to the descendants of the political or literary characters criticised.

The Editor's personal acquaintance with Dr. Blakey extended over the last eight years of his life. In the

enjoyment of a well-earned pension from the Civil List, Dr. Blakey spent his closing years in the West of London. Although so infirm as rarely to be able to attend Divine Service, yet he coveted to live and die in the Church of his fathers, and so became a member of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Hammersmith. It was the Editor's privilege often to visit the venerable man, and listen to his conversational powers, which seemed to the last to keep pace with his undimmed eye and acute mind, if abated strength. His veneration for Sacred subjects was great, and his solace in prayer as heartfelt as his resignation to the Divine will in all things was perfect. He peacefully departed this life October 26th, 1878, at the age of 83, and was interred in Kensal Green Cemetery,—his decease calling forth notices in the leading newspapers and journals of the time.

THE MANSE, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, LONDON, W.,
June, 1879.

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CHAPTER I.

FROM MY BIRTH UNTIL MY THIRTEENTH YEAR.

It has always been considered a perplexing thing for a man to give sufficient reasons for a circumstantial account of his own life. The constitution of society forbids his descanting at any length on his own merits or doings, and resents any covered attempts to gain their attention or esteem under any pretext whatever. My case does not warrant me in claiming any exemption to this general rule. I shall, therefore, proceed at once to make a few observations and statements, chiefly connected with my efforts in obtaining knowledge and communicating it to the world.

I was born on the 18th of May, at Morpeth, in

1795. The house in which I first saw the light is situated in Manchester Lane, next to the east side of the Methodist Chapel, in that narrow thoroughfare. My father, Robert Blakey, was a mechanic, chiefly employed by his uncle, a Mr. Crawford, who was the first to establish the cotton trade in Northumberland. My father died two years after his marriage, when I was just nine months old, at the premature age of twenty-two. He was a youth of very religious habits, and the only relic I have of him is a copy of the hymn-book used in the Presbyterian Chapel, written at full length in his own handwriting. He invented a water-clock of a somewhat new construction, which was exhibited for some years, as a curiosity, by a Mr. George Bates, a whitesmith, well-known in Morpeth, where, I believe, some of his immediate descendants now reside.

I have heard my relatives often mention that two days before my father's death he sent for his minister, the Rev. Robert Trotter, my uncle Robertson, and my grandmother, Mrs. Laws, and, with a solemnity of manner, conjured them to bring me up in the *Presbyterian* profession, and in no other. They all with one voice made the promise; and he faintly ejaculated, "Now I die in peace." This interview made a deep and lasting impression upon all present.

Fifty years after, I have heard my uncle Robertson recite the event with tears in his eyes.

When about six years of age, I was placed entirely under the care of my maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Laws, who lived alone in one of the oldest and most rickety houses in Morpeth. It had been built of pure clay or mortar, and was next door on the west side of the old *Phœnix Inn*, and in the midst of the sheep-market, in Bridge Street. She was very old, between seventy and eighty, but of wonderfully active powers, both of body and mind. She was well-known to the whole town for her zeal and knowledge of theology—that is, *Presbyterianism*. The Westminster Confession of Faith was quite at her fingers' end; and no doctrinal point contained in the treatise could be mentioned for which she could not readily quote the Scripture proofs. Besides this well-known work, she had several other popular books: such as, Ambrose's “*Looking unto Jesus*”; Boston's “*Fourfold State*;” “*The Crook and the Lot*;” “*The Mirror of Modern Divinity*;” Flavel's “*Fountain of Life*;” and several others of an evangelical stamp. She was a perpetual reader, and would have sat for hours pondering over any dry, but to her, interesting subject of speculative religion.

She was often visited by persons vastly above her

own station in life, merely for the sake of curiosity, and for teasing her about her religious knowledge and faith. She was always ready to give battle, whoever came. Among the number of visitors I well remember was Mr. William Burdon, the author of "Materials for Thinking;" Dr. Gray, the father of the Rev. John Gray, of Edinburgh celebrity; Doctors Keith and Mitford, physicians; the Rev. Robert Trotter, and Dr. Sanderson, the Master of Morpeth Grammar School. The two first-named gentlemen were *free-thinkers*; and my grandmother used often to pour out the vials of her wrath upon them, which they both took with much good humour. But her most intimate and bosom friend was a Mrs. Black, a school-mistress, a very superior woman in point of scholarship to my grandmother, and of a totally different religious creed. Mrs. Black was as rigid in her Episcopalian persuasion as my grandmother was in her Presbyterian. They had long contentions almost every week, sitting up till midnight, quoting Scripture in favour of their respective systems of election and free grace. But everything was conducted with singular harmony of temper and Christian charity; and though both combatants were brimful of zeal, they parted always the kindest of friends. They had, however, something in common; they both

believed in the supernatural—in witches, fairies, ghosts, and in persons having sold themselves to the devil. Stories on these topics tinctured their conversations almost every meeting.

No two persons were more opposite in bodily appearance than Mrs. Black and my grandmother. Mrs. Black was a very tall and stout woman; my grandmother was small in stature, and thin and wiry. Mrs. Black was almost the only woman I ever knew who had any doctrinal knowledge of Episcopacy. She had read several of the old divines, and with much care; and her stores of information made her in some respects a powerful rival to my grandmother's knowledge of the *Westminster Confession of Faith*.

I may mention, in passing, two matters which appertain to Mr. Burdon and Dr. Gray. I had to take some medicine occasionally from Drs. Sands and Howdon's shop to Mr. Burdon's house, and upon every visit I saw him; and on my leaving he took out of his coat-pocket a wet sponge, and rubbed me all over, and likewise the chair on which I had sat for a few moments. This strange movement was kept up to drive away *infection*. Every one who brought anything into the house had to undergo the same process of supposed purification. Even casual visitors were treated in the same manner. What a strange

notion for such an enlightened mind to entertain, so deeply imbued with absolute scepticism as to everything else that the world considered wise or useful !

Dr. Gray had nothing eccentric about his social habits, but was a man of serious and reflective thought. A month after his first and only child, a son, was born, Mrs. Gray left her husband, carrying this infant child with her. She never saw her husband more. She carefully nursed and educated her tender charge, who became, as is well-known, one of the popular and distinguished theologians of his day. The first time he ever saw his father was when between forty and fifty years old. He was then Dr. Henry Gray. He came to Morpeth to preach in the Presbyterian Chapel there, and also to pay a visit to his aged parent, who then lived in a very humble tenement up a common yard, near the lower part of the town. On the Saturday before his son was to preach the old man called upon my grandmother, and asked her if she was going to hear what *his foolish son was going to say to-morrow?*

I visited and breakfasted with Dr. Henry Gray in Edinburgh more than once when in the midst of his controversy about the "Letters of Anglicanus;" and though I carefully avoided the slightest reference to

his old father's social history, yet my mind was full of strange thoughts on the ups and downs of life.

This controversy threw a cloud over the doctor for many years of his ministerial vocation in Edinburgh. He did, however, regain in some measure his former popularity and influence in the Church.

I date the commencement of my education from the time I went to reside with my grandmother. I never remember of learning to read either from my school instruction or from my own relations. I believe my uncle Robertson took this charge in hand when I was very young. I have a faint recollection of learning to write at some school, but of the elements of learning to read I am quite oblivious. My grandmother soon got me trained to read to her in many of the books in which she delighted, but of which I understood not a sentence. Every night I had to read, or rather stammer, through two or three chapters of the Bible ; this rule was almost invariably observed both in summer and winter. As I went on scanning the verses she was in the habit of stopping me, and giving me her commentary on the passages recited. This, I dare say, was of little use at the moment ; but in time the system began to bear fruit, and I learned to lay up a small store of biblical lore, which in after years was both interesting and useful.

From my eighth year I worked all the spring and summer months with my uncle Robertson, who kept the inn, and garden grounds, and other neighbouring lands, at the High Church, Morpeth, for half a century. I was set to weed, hoe, dig, plant and gather potatoes, drive a horse and cart, and, in fact, to make myself useful in every sort of way. He always acted like a kind father to me; and though he was rigid in his exactions of labour, I grew strong and healthy under his discipline. My grandmother made a bargain with him that I should receive sixpence a day, and find my own victuals, which I carried with me from the town in a regular wallet every day. My food was commonly a little butter and bread, sometimes cheese, and perhaps once a week a little fat mutton. In addition I had always a bottle of milk. I seldom got to work before seven or eight in the morning, but was often not home till nine at night. I had still my lesson in the Bible to read before going to bed. But such is the elasticity of youth that I scarcely ever remember of feeling tired.

It was part of my grandmother's agreement with my uncle that, when he could do without my aid in the gardening line, I was to be put to school. This stipulation was always observed, but still I never recollect of having been at any school for more than two.

or three months during a year; and, with one or two exceptions, the teachers were of a very humble and unpretentious order. I paid at the rate of fourpence and fivepence a week. In winter I attended night schools; and this in some measure made up for omissions during daytime.

Education, it must be remembered, among the poor, in the early parts of this century, in most provincial towns in England, was a very different sort of thing from what it is now—at least *in appearance*. But I am very much inclined to think that for the common purposes of life there has not been much progress in the art of teaching the elements of ordinary scholastic knowledge. The fact is, teaching is a somewhat peculiar thing, and not susceptible of what is commonly considered and called *improvement*. Teaching what is now called the three R's—reading, writing, and arithmetic—must ever substantially remain what it has hitherto been, a slow and irksome work both to masters and scholars. We can only go at a certain pace in imparting knowledge to the youthful understanding, whatever may be the modes or methods of presenting that knowledge to it.

Though my knowledge was of a very limited kind, yet I daily grew fond of general reading; and my grandmother's stock of religious books were often

thumbed over without, I dare say, my comprehending much of their matter. But the exercise was of use. It is a healthy sign of advancement when a boy likes his books for their own sake. I began now to buy and collect penny ballads and histories, and grew daily fond of them, though my good old grandmother did not relish my reading of them, but often told me they were the works of the devil.

A little before my tenth year my uncle Robertson got me engaged in a new system of labour. We had been for years employed at intervals, from the month of October till the middle of April, in cutting *corve* rods, in the Earl of Carlisle's woods around Morpeth. These rods were mostly hazel, and were used then, and even now, I believe, in making baskets for bringing up the coals from the pits on the banks of the Tyne and Wear. The cutting of them and the taking off the branches was paid for at so much per bundle of one hundred and twenty rods. After a few weeks' practice I grew pretty expert at the *smedding* or cutting off the branches of the rods; my uncle having all the cutting of them, as my strength was not equal to this part of the process. I made from one and six-pence to three shillings a day. This labour was full of interest to me in the way of obtaining a little money for books, and paints and brushes; for I had

taken a strong liking for drawing in the evenings. The chief drawback was the wet and cold to which I was exposed. Weather was considered, generally, as of no moment. There often I stood nearly up to my knees in snow, and under a keen frost wind, for many hours together; yet I never remember of having had any serious illness from this exposure. I was well clad: thick flannel jackets, strong shoes, and leather leggings. I suffered most from my hands, though protected by thick woollen mittens, in running the rods through my hands when wet or frozen.

After the first season of my labours in the woods, my uncle used to cut as many rods in one day as would serve me *snedding* for four or five. I then had to go to the woods alone, and remain the entire day. This often proved a very trying affair to me; and chiefly from this cause. As I have already mentioned, my grandmother and Mrs. Black used to have long confabulations in the evenings on religious matters, which often ended in some very terrific history of ghosts, or persons who had sold themselves bodily to the devil.

I listened with the most intense interest to these recitals, and I often became so frightened during the day while in the woods by myself that I was sometimes rendered almost speechless, and was terrified to

look behind me, always considering my danger lay in this direction. The woods were commonly a long distance from my house ; and I never remember seeing a single human being from the morning I came till the evening I left. I have often thought since that it was almost a miracle that I was not driven into a state of absolute idiotism from the effects of these frightful stories. My usual resource was singing and whistling to "keep my courage up," and to chase away the evil influences which I fancied surrounded me on every side. Many of these superstitious tales have left their marks upon my mind till this hour. Such is the influence of early association.

These awful stories took firm hold of my imagination, and haunted me whenever I was left alone in the woods or fields. A rush of wind, or a rustling among the bushes, made me start with a fright. I well remember one morning I had got up a little earlier about Christmas time, to meet my uncle Robertson on the way to our daily task at a wood a little north of Bedlington. I had had a regular dose of terrors the previous night from Mrs. Black and my grandmother about a man who had sold himself to the devil. I had listened with intense excitement to the dialogue between the seller and the purchaser. As I was tramping along a field called the *Chantry Close* to

meet my uncle at a blacksmith's shop at Hepscot, musing on the more striking incidents of the story, an owl flew out of a tree with a loud screech, and down I dropped into a ditch as dead as a stone. How long I lay insensible I do not know; but on coming to my senses I crawled again on the footpath, and made the best of my way to the blacksmith's shop, where I found my uncle waiting for me. I told him my adventure, at which he had a hearty laugh, and it was many a long day ere I heard the last of his jokes on the subject.

I had never seen a play acted until my uncle Robertson took me to an entertainment at the Town Hall, Morpeth, when about my twelfth year. The piece was *Macbeth*; and I well remember when the witches came on the stage how intensely excited I was, with my head full of devils, fairies, and witches, which my old grandmother had stuffed into my head from almost infancy. I now thought there was no doubt of the *witches*; for I considered the whole play as a reality. These witches were often fearful things when I was in the woods working alone; and even now, in my old age, I have the most lively recollection of this theatrical exhibition, which formed a sort of intellectual landmark in my journey through life.

I may mention here, in passing, that I have never

been a regular play-going man, although I have seen almost all the most renowned comedians, both tragic and comic, of this country, until a few years back. I well remember Stephen Kemble playing *Falstaff* in Alnwick Town Hall, at the request of the Duke of Northumberland; and more than once I saw in London Stephen's brother, John, play some of his favorite characters. I likewise witnessed Mrs. Siddons and her younger sister, Mrs. Henry Siddons; the latter long displayed her talents at the Edinburgh theatre. I remember Macready, the old and younger Kean, Liston, and many other notabilities of the dramatic art.

One incident I beg to mention here relative to the elder Kean. He was performing at the Newcastle theatre during the Assize week. There were no newspaper critics in those days; but Mr. William Mitchell, to whom the *Tyne Mercury* belonged, occasionally took some notice of theatrical matters, for he was well-qualified for those light criticisms. On Kean's visit Mr. Mitchell had the privilege of going behind the scenes, and he took me with him. The play was *Othello*, and the house was what theatricals call a *bumper*. When the actor had the whole audience sobbing and crying aloud in grief and excitement, he put his hand to one side of his mouth and called out

to Mitchell and I a most filthy expression. This has always appeared to me a most singular fact, showing how deep feelings may be assumed, and hang, by repetition, so loosely about the person as to become quite artificial. Mr. Mitchell and I went to Kean's lodgings with him, in Pilgrim Street; but we were not there long till the actor had to be carried up to his bedroom, having taken too much of his usual stimulant.

In the evenings during the winter I attended the night schools, and made considerable progress in writing and arithmetic. My uncle made me a sort of companion, and instructed me in many things connected with general history and ecclesiastical affairs. He had an ardent and genuine taste for reading. He had been in early life a musician in the army, his father being bandmaster in a regiment which formed part of the invading force under the Earl of Cornwallis, in America, where he and his father and mother were made prisoners of war, and confined in Rhode Island for twelve months after the Earl's surrender to Washington's army. I used to listen to my uncle's experiences and adventures with the greatest interest; and he was likewise occasionally in the habit of talking to me on matters of doctrinal divinity.

It was very seldom, indeed, however tired I might

be, that my grandmother allowed me to skip my usual readings in the evenings. She was a hard taskmaster, and considered her mental discipline as necessary as my daily bread. Partly from habit and partly from necessity, I insensibly, as it were, imbibed a good deal of miscellaneous knowledge, and she took a great pride in letting people know what she considered my very great attainments.

When just thirteen a great change took place in my prospects and line of life. My uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Caxon, took the Angel Inn, in Alnwick, and found it a profitable speculation. They, in conjunction with my uncle Robertson, thought it better that my grandmother, now nearly eighty, though still hale in mind, though shrunk in body, should come to live at Alnwick at the Angel. This being arranged, my grandmother and I left Morpeth, and were provided with a couple of rooms in the back of the inn. A short time afterwards my uncle Caxon removed to the Star Inn, which he bought, and where he resided till his death.

I had, up to my leaving my native town, acquired some knowledge about many things. My labour in out-door work embraced most of the departments of kitchen gardening—digging, planting, weeding, hoeing, &c. I could likewise manage a cart and horse;

and had occasionally gone to Newcastle market, fourteen miles, with a load of general garden stuff, and brought home the money to my uncle Robertson's satisfaction. As far as education went, in spite of my limited and irregular attendance at school, I had gone through the common arithmetic, and entered some little way into mensuration. My knowledge of theology was fair for my age ; and I took with me a goodly stock of penny ballads, histories, drawing books, and my grandmother's entire library, already enumerated. Thus, with a light heart, and without seeing or caring one jot about what lay before me, I entered my new abode, and met with a hearty welcome from my uncle and aunt at their home, where I remained, nursing my grandmother for many years.

CHAPTER II.

FROM MY THIRTEENTH YEAR (1808) UNTIL MY TWENTY-
SEVENTH (1822.)

THERE were three persons I got acquainted with soon after my arrival at Alnwick, in February, 1809, to whom I have always considered I was under great obligations for giving my mind fresh impulses, and opening up new trains of thought. These were Robert Dunn, a wheelwright; Thomas Hall, a roper; and the Rev. David Paterson, Presbyterian minister of the town, whose place of worship I pointedly attended every Sunday. Dunn and Hall were poetical enthusiasts, but of somewhat different tastes. Dunn's hobby was, Young's "Night Thoughts;" Hall's, "Milton's Paradise Lost." The souls of both were wrapped up in their respective idols; and the rivalship they respectively displayed, with a young and ignorant disciple like myself, was both curious and ludicrous. Both carried their respective poems in their pockets, ready at a moment's notice to descant on their varied beauties, and the philosophy they both inculcated. I met them often at their own

houses ; for they were good friends, and always "agreed to differ." Besides poetry, they were both ardent political reformers of a very advanced school. They took in the London *Examiner*, the *Tyne Mercury*, and *Cobbett's Register*. In point of interest the last was by far the greatest favourite, and on the day of its arrival there was always a rapturous display of political feeling on its being read aloud by Hall, who was well up in good reading.

I owe more to the late Rev. David Paterson than to any person in the world. He was my guide and instructor in the early part of my life, and he always felt the most lively interest in my progress in knowledge. I had not been in Alnwick more than two or three weeks, when, in one of my rambles on the Town Moor, he came upon me when reading a book on theology. He took the work in his hand, and, after a few glances at it, he asked me if I understood it. I answered rather sheepishly, "Not all, sir." This was the "Mirror of Modern Divinity," a work well known throughout the Presbyterian church. He recommended me to get books out of the library connected with his own chapel. From that hour he seemed to feel a strong partiality for me. But more of this farther on.

In the course of a few weeks it was agreed be-

tween my two uncles, Robertson and Caxon, that I should be put to some kind of business. The fur trade was fixed upon, but I was not to be bound to serve any fixed time, nor to be employed any prescribed number of hours a day. I was to be made acquainted with the wholesale branch of the business, and of this I soon acquired a fair portion of knowledge.

My fondness for books increased when I went to Alnwick, though my time was taken up with my business from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening. But at meal times, and whenever I had a moment to spare, I devoted it to the reading of some book or another; and I used frequently to keep a volume before me when working, that I might steal a glance at its contents. I always carried a book in my pocket. My reading was still principally confined to theology.

My friends were very anxious for me to go to Mr. Barkas, a very respectable schoolmaster, for two hours in the evening, at his own house, during the summer months. Arrangements were made for this purpose; and I began, under his tuition, with "Euclid's Elements of Geometry," and got as far as the Fourth Book. I then began trigonometry, and finished both plain and spherical. This was the sum

total of my mathematical knowledge, and I have added nothing to it since. I once took an observation of the sun with the quadrant, and thought this a mighty exploit indeed. I well remember that in going through the propositions in geometry I never could enter with any keen relish into the kind of reasoning employed. In many cases it seemed quite tedious and trifling. I have always had a notion I never could have made any progress worthy of notice in mathematical pursuits.

Soon after my private instructions from Mr. Barkas were finished, I took a fancy to learn geography, with the use of the globes. I found out a schoolmaster, named O——, a Scotsman, who had a pair of excellent new 12-inch globes. He had never had a pupil since he purchased them; but he was just one of those persons who give themselves great airs, and who pretend to know things of which they are completely ignorant. I made an agreement with him for two hours, twice a week, during the summer evenings. I soon found out that he knew very little about the globes; even the simplest problems puzzled him. In fact, I had not been there long till I had to teach him, instead of he me. It was really amusing the arts he had recourse to to conceal his want of knowledge, and his mortification that I perceived that want. At

last he bought a key to the grammar, and this assisted him greatly. I soon finished the terrestrial globe, and obtained a pretty clear knowledge of the chief divisions of the earth.

Towards the back end of the year I began the celestial globe, and I soon got through the problems. I have often been highly amused since by the recollection of an exploit my teacher and I had. Wishing to draw a chart of the constellations in the northern hemisphere, we were determined to examine the heavens for ourselves, and to make a chart from personal observation. We set out one night in winter, about nine o'clock, to an elevated part on Alnwick Moor, where our field of vision was both extensive and uninterrupted. It was a fine frosty night, and there was a good deal of snow upon the ground. I persuaded my teacher that we could do nothing without a table; and that he should take the large one we had in the house, and I would carry the lantern and candle, compasses, pens, ink, paper, &c. He did not at first relish the idea of carrying a table of such a size for nearly a mile up a very hilly road; but I was resolutely bent on this undertaking, and represented to him the glory we would both obtain from such a scientific enterprise. After some scruples regarding the unseemliness of a person in his station in life being seen carrying a

table at night, &c., were removed from his mind, we forthwith set about the matter in good earnest. With much difficulty we got the table downstairs ; and the only way he thought he could carry it was upon his head ; but then he found his hat was in the way. I advised him to leave his hat and put a thick red woollen night-cap on, and get his wife's wease with which she used to bring sticks home for the fire, and he would never find the slightest inconvenience from the table ; and he got the table fairly on his shallow skull, when off we trudged up Potter Gate, to avoid as much of the town as possible.

We met several people on the road, but I always turned the lantern full upon their faces, and this, with the darkness of the night, blinded them for a time, till we got fairly past them. In going up Clayput Bank he began to give evident signs of distress of wind ; and hearing him breathing thick, I turned round to offer my services in taking the table from him ; when, lo ! down he fell on all fours. He muttered a heavy groan ; but I got him up upon his legs again, and found him nothing the worse, with the exception of his nose, which was bleeding profusely. He suggested that the plan of making a chart should be postponed till another time ; but I did not relish this, and I cheered him up with the hopes that the

difficulties of our enterprise were now nearly conquered, and that I would help him the remainder of the journey with the table. His nose still bled, however; and I shall never forget his grotesque appearance, with his red woollen night-cap on, and his face all sprinkled over with the crimson fluid. I rubbed his nose with snow and plugged his nostrils with tissue paper; and then he mustered courage to prosecute his journey. We got to the place of destination; our table placed upon the ground; our pens, ink, and paper out; and got to work in making a chart of the stars. We remained there about two hours, but found it a very cold and hungry job. I was highly amused with his loud and enthusiastic roar in the Scotch accent, when he saw a star arise above the horizon towards the sea: "Robert, there's Aldebaran in the bull's eye!" We made a chart, but such a chart as a ploughman might have made, who knew nothing of the matter.

During this winter my star-gazing passion nearly swallowed up every other. I seldom lay a night in bed; but would have wandered about the town and neighbourhood at all midnight hours to see the diurnal revolution of the heavenly bodies. I considered I was really far learned when I could count, and give names to, all the larger stars that were visible in the

northern hemisphere. At this time I also studied Ferguson's astronomy ; and endeavoured to make myself acquainted with some of the leading principles of this sublime science. I found my scanty portion of mathematical knowledge very useful here.

The only thing which divided my attention with the consideration of these branches of study was religion. I had vastly increased in religious fervour and zeal since I left Morpeth. I observed the Sabbath most scrupulously, attending twice and sometimes thrice a day at the Secession Chapel, where all my friends went to ; and devoted the intermediate time in reading.

I became a subscriber to an extensive circulating library in the town ; and I may say with justice that, literally, I devoured everything which fell in my way without almost any discrimination. All things were alike new, and therefore alike interesting to me. After roving at large for several months in this rich literary pasture, culling a little mental food out of this spot, and a little out of that, just where whim or fancy might dictate, I settled down to the consideration of natural philosophy. I began the study of mechanics ; but I remember well I had to ponder a good while before I made myself master of the different mechanical powers ; of their general nature

and application. I directed my attention also to chemistry, hydraulics, hydrostatics, pneumatics, crystallography, and optics; in all of which branches of knowledge I made some little progress. I carried books upon these subjects about with me at all times, at home and abroad; and also kept a tinder-box in my bed-room, by which I could strike a light at any time through the night, or very early in the morning, and enjoy the luxury on a cold frosty morning of reading in bed.

My reading took, however, an entirely new direction. I grew passionately enamoured of mental, moral, and political subjects, and eagerly devoured every book I could procure which treated philosophically of human nature. This branch of knowledge threw every other, in my estimation, into the background.

I began, when about sixteen, to scribble a little. I found this a somewhat ticklish affair, and many first efforts were consigned to the flames. There were two or three persons in Alnwick who had written some scraps of poetry, and a few paragraphs for the Newcastle papers. These exploits fired my ambition. I tried to follow their footsteps. When I saw them in the streets I looked at them with intense interest, and wondered how their heads contained so much

wisdom. Casting a glance along the vista of three score years, how different the situation of affairs appears now, when this self-same country town has two newspapers of its own!

I ventured to open up a correspondence with the *Tyne Mercury*, which, at that time, was a paper of an ultra-Reform complexion. This step gave me confidence in my own powers. I likewise tried to put some ideas into shape on morals, and mental subjects. These I laid before my friend David Paterson's notice, and he gave me words of commendation. My opinions were often very crude, and on some points very different from his; but though we had many fierce contentions, he always rigidly observed the maxim of "agreeing to differ."

I left Alnwick in 1815, and went to my native town, Morpeth. I wrote many things on a variety of topics for the newspapers and the "Newcastle Magazine." I likewise corresponded with the "Black Dwarf," in London, edited by Mr. Jonathan Wooler, from its commencement in 1817 till its close in 1821. In all the political movements of the times I took a lively interest; in matters of reform I was on the hustings, but took no active part in the great meeting on the Town Moor, in Newcastle, held in June, 1820, where upwards of *one hundred thousand* people

attended, claiming a reform in the Parliamentary representation.

In 1815 I visited Glasgow for a few days. I had a letter of introduction to a cousin of my uncle Caxon's, a Mr. Mather, one of the wealthy and active merchants in the city. He was engaged in the West India trade—importing sugar, rum, &c. He lived in good style. I dined with him, and had the pleasure of meeting on the occasion with Professor George Jarden, of the Glasgow University, and Mr. Robert Watt, the author of the famous "Bibliotheca Britannica." He appeared to be in very delicate health, and, I believe, died shortly after.

Professor Jarden was one of the most notable men of his day, and effected great changes in the affairs of his University, the most of which have, in subsequent times, been generally acknowledged. He told me he had Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston under his tuition in the logic and moral philosophy classes.

The next morning Mr. Mather took me to the "Tontine," then the only news-room in the city. Here a regular row broke out among the members, and after a scene of uproar and confusion rarely witnessed, a gentlemanly man in appearance was forcibly ejected from the room. On making inquiries

I found he was accused of writing some letters published in the only opposition paper then in the city, owned and conducted, I think, by a Mr. Prentice. The suspected writer had made some rather pointed and severe strictures on the *slave trade*. This was a mortal sin in the eyes of the merchants of the city, which owed at this time most of its wealth to this infamous traffic. I have written against the trade in human flesh for upwards of sixty years, and from the first I have uniformly maintained that the trade should be made *piracy*, and every person engaged in it brought to condign punishment. The general conduct of the British Government relative to the abolition of slavery has been always invariably marked by a timid and compromising policy; more firmness would have extinguished the traffic long ago.

In 1817 and the following years I wrote several political articles for the "Black Dwarf," conducted by Thomas Jonathan Wooler. This was one among the first London prints which published at twopence, and which gave so much umbrage to the Government of the hour. It had a wide circulation, chiefly on account of the suppression of *Cobbett's Register*, by the removal of its author to America, to avoid one of the famous, or infamous, "Six Acts" of Castle-reagh. Mr. Wooler was a clever man, and a first-

rate platform orator. He was prosecuted by the Attorney-General for libel, and at the trial before Lord Ellenborough acquitted by the jury. This was a foundation for his popularity. Wooler's agent at Newcastle, Mr. John Marshall, bookseller, sold between twenty and thirty thousand a week of this publication. It died out, however, in about six years.

Among the papers I furnished was one on the "Ballot." This year (1873) this mode of taking votes has been enacted by Parliament. I do feel a little proud that this measure I advocated so long back has become the law of the land.

I was married in June, 1822, to Miss Mary Gibb, of Alnwick, and I may be allowed to say that she proved one of the best and affectionate of wives.

About this period I became personally in contact with several characters who stood high in literary and artistic estimation in Great Britain. My friend, David Paterson, was upon a very friendly footing with Dugald Stewart, whose lectures he attended, and of whose system of mental philosophy he was a passionate admirer. I had sketched out a series of essays, under the heads of "Metaphysical Reveries" and "Moral Criticisms," which I had submitted to Mr. Paterson's examination; and he so far approved of them that, in a correspondence with Professor Stewart,

he mentioned one of the essays, in which I had ventured to point out an error in his first volume of his "Philosophy of Mind." This essay was politely acknowledged by the Professor in a letter to my friend. Having to be in Edinburgh, Mr. Paterson gave me a line of introduction to Mr. Stewart, who received me very kindly indeed, and I had more than an hour's conversation with him on matters of abstract speculation. I have often dwelt on this little incident as one of the most interesting in my movements in life. Happening to mention the work of Dr. Thomas Browne's "Observations on Darwin's Zoonomia," Mr. Stewart kindly gave me a line to Dr. Browne, with whom I had the pleasure of conversing for upwards of two hours. The doctor appeared then in a very weakly state of health; and he died, not very long after, of a deep consumption.

Stewart and Browne enjoyed an unrivalled reputation in all the seminaries of academic instruction throughout the civilized world for mental and moral philosophy; not only during their lives, but long after their deaths. My very brief acquaintance with them both greatly animated me in the prosecution of my own speculations on the topics they had so nobly and eloquently expounded.

I may mention that I spent a good deal of my spare

time in angling and shooting, and particularly in the former amusement. The family of the Newtons, nurserymen, made me a comparative proficient in fly-fishing. Alnwick River was not then frequented by so many rod-fishers as of late years, so that I had most of the entire water down to the tide-way below Lesbury to range along. Of course I kept clear of the waters about the parks. As to shooting, the old Duke of Northumberland was the most liberal of landholders. A large extent of ground was quite free for any one to shoot over that choose; and I do not remember a single man in the town that regularly followed the art of *poaching* at the period I am now alluding to. The Newtons had rifle shooting in their gardens, which I regularly attended. I have imbued that love of outdoor recreations, which has followed me throughout life, and which has been so prolific of the most rational and refined enjoyment in my earthly pilgrimage.

In one of my angling excursions I happened to meet with Sir Walter Scott. The incident took place in this wise. I was angling with fly in the River Yarrow, a little below Selkirk Bridge; and a gentleman, accompanied by two dogs, came up to me and asked me if I had had any sport. I replied, "Very little." He said, "Perhaps you have not the right flies for this river in its present state: let me look at your tackle."

Showing him my flies, he said, "I think I can give you two that will likely answer better than those you are using." He then took out his fly-book, which seemed to have a good stock, and put two on my own line, taking my own off and presenting them to me. He sauntered with me about two or three hundred yards, when he wished me "Good day!" and hoped I would have better luck down the stream. I had not gone far when a countryman came up to me, and after bidding me "Good morning," said, "De' ye ken now wha was speaking to ye?" "No," I said. "Weel, it's our laird of Abbotsford, Wattie Scott." This was some time before he was created a Baronet by George IV. I afterwards met Sir Walter at the office of the *Kelso Mail*, when I reminded him of his gift of flies.

When I came back to Morpeth, after six years' absence, I found the place was full of contention about the poor-rates of the parish. They had got into a sad entanglement under the sole management of a self-elected body. I wrote three pamphlets and many smaller squibs on the disputes in support of popular rights. The courts of law had ultimately to determine the contest, and gave the award to the people at large.

I plunged into another gulph of reformation; the exposure of the corruption of what was ludicrously called the "Independent Freemen" of Morpeth. The

corruption was an old-established one ; and consisted of two distinct classes of these freemen ; those who had the right of voting for members of Parliament, and those who had the right of pasturage and other minor privileges of a borough town. Both classes obtained their rights from birth or servitude ; and they were the most degraded and corrupt voters in the whole kingdom, and were denounced by Earl Grey as such at public meetings. I published my exposure of them in letters which appeared in the *Tyne Mercury*. If any one should feel curious on the matter they may find all the details in that publication.

I became about this period acquainted with two artists of note—Mr. Thomas Bewick, the distinguished wood-engraver, and Mr. Luke Clennell, well-known also to artistic fame. I shall insert a few observations on each of these well-known artists, which were penned many years ago.

Thomas Bewick formed an important epoch in the history of wood-engraving, not only in England, but on the Continent of Europe generally. He was, in the strictest sense, a child of fortune. He was born in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and owed the adoption of his profession entirely to chance. By sheer vigour of mind and indefatigable industry he rose to public distinction and usefulness ; and he

affords one of many examples in the history of science and art how irregularly and capriciously the seeds of genius are scattered among the various classes and orders of mankind.

I did not know Thomas Bewick until within the last ten years of his life. He was then an interesting-looking old man, of portly size, and of a good-humoured and social temperament. He frequented, on certain evenings, a sort of club-room at the Fox and Lamb at the foot of Pilgrim Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and many happy and pleasant hours he spent with a few select, intelligent, and jocular friends, who congregated here, chiefly with a view to enjoy his company and conversation. He was fond of porter, and I have known him sit from seven o'clock in the evening till eleven, sipping his favourite beverage to the tune of five or six pints. It did not seem to produce any muddling or stupefying effect upon him whatever. He was always clear, collected, humorous, and pleasant Custom, I have no doubt, had rendered this indulgence quite innoxious and harmless both to his body and mind.

It was chiefly at the Fox and Lamb that I met him, though I had enjoyed three or four private interviews with him at the residence of a mutual friend. I took notes of his conversation at the time, and have

ever since preserved them with a degree of fond recollection of the worthy old engraver.

Bewick was not what may be called a vain man of his great fame and acquirements, for pride he had none. Still, he loved to dwell with cheerful complacency upon his own exploits, and upon subjects closely connected with them. He used to observe often, particularly to any new acquaintance, that if a letter simply directed to "Thomas Bewick, Engraver," were to be forwarded by post from any civilized part of the globe, it would be sure to find its way, in perfect safety, to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This experiment was, perhaps, never tried; but I have no doubt that if it had it would have fully confirmed the artist's conjecture.

He could not be considered a learned man, but he possessed a more than usual share of common sense; and this generally conducted him to safe and judicious conclusions on most subjects in which he felt any interest. He was a keen observer of the world, yet his shrewdness was entirely devoid of cunning and ill-nature.

Bewick often dwelt upon his trip to London, and, with facetious wit and great drollery, was wont to dilate upon his uncomfortable feelings during this sojourn from his own calf-yard. "I was," said he, "quite overpowered by the coldness and selfishness of

everything I witnessed. In every direction there was a hurry-scurry ; and all the softer and more amiable feelings of man's nature seemed to me to be obliterated from the scene. I felt my personal pride humbled. I was nothing in the great mass of moving humanity. The whole affair was contrary to everything I had felt or thought of previously. I never saw a single recognition of acquaintanceship or friendship in the streets ; every single unit of humanity was moving in rapid succession, as if it had no connection with anything around it. How different from what I had all my life been accustomed to ! Why, in Newcastle, I could not get from my own door to Mr. Charnley's shop in Bigg Market without having twenty inquiries made, by friends in my route, about my health and comfort of my household. But in London life is cheap ; the hearts of even good men get hardened ; and that mutual regard and sympathy, which are the real balsams of life, are seldom tasted. I was delighted beyond measure when I turned my back on the place."

I have often thought that Bewick had a prophetic anticipation of the almost universal use of wood-engraving since his day ; for I well remember that on one of his evening parties the conversation turned on his own profession, and he stoutly maintained,

against an ingenious opponent, that not many years would pass over until the art would be almost indefinitely extended. His words still ring in my ears, "I feel quite certain that there is still room for great improvements in wood-engraving; and when sufficient encouragement is given for its more extended use greater nicety and skill will be displayed. We are only children yet in reference to many things, and wood-engraving among the rest."

Luke Clennell was, in every sense of the word, a child of fortune. He owed all his fame and distinction to the force of native genius and talent. He was born within a few miles of the town of Morpeth; and, when still a mere boy, was sent to his uncle, Mr. Thomas Clennell, a tanner and grocer in that town. Here Luke was employed in the shop, and many are the curious stories told of him relative to the early predilections he displayed for sketching, and the difficulties and discouragements he met with in giving way to them. His uncle was a kind and good-natured man, and entertained a great fondness (for he had no family of his own) for his nephew. But the uncle's patience was often seriously taxed by what he considered the waywardness of his nephew's turn of mind and the inattention he displayed for the mere drudgery and mechanical routine of a shop-boy's life.

It is recorded of Clennell that, at the early age of four years, he displayed his attachment to painting, and was frequently in the habit of sketching little domestic utensils with nothing but a block cinder. Sometimes the whole fireside was scored over; and many a time and often had his mother to rebuke him, in no measured terms, for his disfiguring her clean and whitewashed walls.

After young Clennell went to his uncle's, it was fully expected that his drawing attachments would be given up, or at least considerably weakened, by the daily duties of his new profession. For some time the youth was very attentive to the avocations of the counter, and his uncle had good hopes that he would now be able to direct his mind into the channel of trade with so much steadiness and energy as would throw all former predilections to the winds. This, however, proved a delusive hope. The force of genius manifested itself by little and little. Whenever his uncle had to be from home for any length of time, then it was that young Clennell would absent himself for days together from the shop, and would often be found in some part of the warehouses in the yard, with pencil and paper, making a drawing of some horse or building, or perchance of his own good and attentive uncle. A portrait of this kind he once

made, which convinced his master that the bent of his mind was never to be kept within the narrow limits of a grocer's counter. His uncle carried on, along with his other profession, the trade of a tallow-chandler, and one day entrusted some important departments of the business to his nephew, with many injunctions of strict attention to his directions. But no sooner was the master out of sight than the pencil and paper were in requisition ; and the result was, the make of candles was completely botched, and a most correct likeness of his uncle, in the attitude of giving his last official commands, was produced by the youthful sketcher. Mr. Clennell hardly knew whether to censure or applaud. The consequence, however, was that after this frolic the youth had more liberty given to pursue the bent of his mind ; and his uncle, while he remained with him, freely allowed him not only painting materials, but a certain portion of his time to cultivate the fascinating art.

The following anecdote is told of the Earl of Carlisle. Being then a young man, he was at Morpeth on some electioneering visit, when he made a call upon Mr. Thomas Clennell, who was an influential freeman of the borough, and enthusiastically devoted to the Carlisle interest. His lordship, then Lord Morpeth, looked at a drawing framed in the room, and expressed

his astonishment that such a production should be found in so remote a part of the country. When the uncle told him that it was from the pencil of his nephew, a boy officiating in his shop, his lordship held up his hands with surprise, and said that, "he ought not to be in such a situation a single hour longer." It was agreeably to this recommendation that immediate arrangements were made to apprentice young Clennell to Mr. Thomas Bewick, of Newcastle, to prosecute the profession of wood-engraving.

I met with John Mitford, commonly called "Jack Mitford," at the office of the *Scourge*, to which he was in the habit of contributing many pungent articles. I made his acquaintance by accident. He recognised me, he said, by my Northumberland *burr*. When I told him I knew his relations, Captain Mitford, of Mitford Castle, and his cousin, Bertram, with whom I had often angled in the North River, he seemed delighted; but said, with an air of sadness, that they did nothing now for him. I told him I had read, with many thousands in all parts of the world, with great pleasure, his "*Johnny Newcome in the Navy*;" when he said it was the best paid job he ever had, with the exception of a few articles he wrote for *Cattanach*, of the *Seven Dials*. He had a broken-down appearance, and was one of the outcasts of social life.

Some time after, I met him one summer's day between Notting Hill Gate and Shepherd's Bush, when he told me he had slept the previous night in a field of barley, then uncut. He died not long after this in St. Giles's Workhouse.

He was unquestionably a man of genius and of great versatility of mind. He was one of the branches of the Mitford family, who pride themselves with having come in at the Norman Conquest. Though several members of the house occupy a distinguished position in literary history, I question whether any one of them will obtain more lasting fame than their thoughtless and improvident kinsman, "Jack Mitford." No amount of personal folly and waywardness can shut out the claims of *mind* in the estimation of the world at large.

Of this Mr. Cattanach just alluded to I happened to know a little. I was in the habit of seeing him frequently in his father's shop, in Alnwick, from which he migrated with his family to London about the year 1810. Some years after I visited young Cattanach, and whenever I had an opportunity of dropping in upon him in his place of business, in the Seven Dials, he was always very glad to see me. In his ballad business he realised a good competency, and bought a house and some land in the county of Kent, where he

went to reside, and left his business to his sister and her husband. A little after Cattanach's death I called on her, and she was in great grief on account of her brother having burned, a short time before his death, the whole of his very curious collection of letters and manuscripts connected with his forty years' transactions in the publishing line. What his motive was for this destruction his sister could not imagine; for he always appeared to set a high value upon this collection. His sister said he had been offered a large sum for it; and I have no doubt but many of the more curious of modern *literati* would have considered it a great prize. As the publisher and printer of these English songs he sent out of his establishment, he was known over the whole world where the English language is known.

In 1820 the whole kingdom was in a state of convulsion on account of the trial of Queen Caroline. In my own town we had a regular address drawn up to Her Majesty, which was presented to her by Sir Cam Hobhouse, who forwarded to me a reply according to custom. There was likewise a public dinner, and an illumination of nearly the whole town, both of which were successfully carried out. There was no breach of the peace, with the exception of a few panes of glass broken belonging to the windows of a few

malcontents, who remained in darkness. I drew up an address to Earl Grey, which I read at the head of a deputation of the tradesmen of the town, at the Queen's Head Inn. His lordship replied in an eloquent speech. I observed that his lordship suffered under the influence of a nervous trepidation for a few moments at the commencement of his address. This I believe was a slight rhetorical infirmity, observed by others who were in the habit of hearing this really eloquent statesman.

Through Dr. Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, I was introduced, in 1822, to the great American naturalist, Mr. Audebon, who had come over to this country for the purpose of obtaining subscribers for his splendid work on the "Birds of America." He was a gentlemanly person, and entered with all the enthusiasm of a devoted disciple of his art into what, to him, was the chief object of his life. He said he had had many difficulties to encounter in the wooded districts of his native land ; but had ultimately succeeded in procuring what he considered a valuable collection of drawings taken from life of the winged creation. He had been promised assistance from all the crowned heads of Europe. I travelled with him by coach on his way to Mr. Telby's, of Twizel House, Northumberland, who was also famous for his collection of British

birds. I was proud of having made the acquaintance of this celebrated American.

About this period I happened to be introduced to Professor Leslie (before he was knighted). It will be in the recollection of some of the oldest members of the Kirk of Scotland that there was great excitement among the ministerial ranks of the nation when Leslie published his lectures on “Heat.” At this time the high transcendental theology of Dr. Jonathan Edwards, and Dr. Dwight, of New England, was at the height of its popularity throughout the Scottish Church. We met with it in every direction, and the young students for the National Church were full to the brim with it. When the professor’s work came out it was vehemently denounced as “Atheistical ;” he having affirmed that there was no foundation for thinking there was anything in Nature answering to the word *Cause*, as we commonly use the word. All we know of the matter is that we see one thing, or operation of Nature following another, but are entirely ignorant of the connection subsisting among things around us. I was introduced to Leslie by Professor Napier, then the editor of an edition of the “Encyclopædia Britannica,” and likewise of the *Edinburgh Review*. I remember when the two professors met they had a good laugh at what they called the *fuss* among the heads of the

Church. Leslie said, "The fun of the thing is, ther is nothing in my book that can warrant such an absurd interpretation as has been put upon it." Napier jocularly twitted him about the matter, and said if Leslie did not take heed to his ways, the Church Courts would be upon him; they, too, would lecture on "Heat," and burn him and his book in the *Grass Market*. "Well," said Leslie, "many a better man has met with this fate at the hands of theologians."

I was deeply affected at the death of my dear old grandmother, who had been to me both father and mother from my infant years. I could not realise the fact for months. The advantages I derived from her domestic instructions, encircled as they were by the most parental and social circumstances, were beyond calculation and beyond price. She taught me the elements of religion, and the benefits of a home; matters which have exercised a constant influence over my life in all its varied aspects. She awakened within me that love of knowledge which has been to me, not only a cold sentiment, but a positive passion from my earliest recollections. Although the range of her own information was narrow and sectarian, it was imparted in such kind and loving accents, and amidst the most hallowed and endearing

associations, that it made a lasting impression on my mind. I was the object of anxious solicitude to within a few hours of her death ; for the last words she was heard to utter were, " My Robert."

About this time there was considerable excitement in Edinburgh on religious matters. The doctrines of the Rev. Edward Irving were freely discussed, and pretty generally criticised, both by the pulpit and the press. He came from London to defend himself and develope his peculiar views. He preached in a church or chapel somewhere near Bank Street, and commenced his service at five o'clock in the morning. It was in the summer season. I visited the place at that early hour, but could find no sitting room ; so I stood with hundreds of others during the entire service. I never felt more thrilling emotions than when I first saw him in the pulpit, reading out the lines from the 137th Psalm :—

" By Babel's streams we sat and wept," &c.

His attitude was imposing, and his elocution both natural and dignified. I shall never forget the excitement in the audience when the preacher exclaimed, " Is it not lamentable, my friends, to reflect for a moment, that in this large and influential city, only second in the kingdom for learning and intelligence that there should not be one—no, not one—preacher

of the true gospel to the people." All eyes were turned towards the pulpit stairs, on which Dr. Gordon and several other Edinburgh ministers had been compelled from the crowded state of the church to take their seats; and on whose countenances was visibly depicted the expression of surprise, mingled with contempt.

I had heard Mr. Irving several times in his chapel, Cross Street, Hatton Garden, and in Newman Street, London; in the latter place where the "unknown tongues" were exhibited, and the yellings and confusion were fearful, and exceeded everything that had hitherto been witnessed in London amongst religious congregations. On one of my visits three young women were carried out in a fainting state; when an old respectable-looking man, who happened to be standing near me, exclaimed, in pious rapture, "God be praised, three at a birth!"

I was intimately acquainted with the late Marcus Dodds, Presbyterian minister of Belford, Northumberland, who was, on the death of the well-known Dr. Andrew Thomson, appointed editor of the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*. Mr. Dodds remained in my house for three days, when busy with his *Answer to Mr. Irving's volume on the nature and offices of the Holy Spirit*. Mr. Dodds, who severely criticised Mr.

Irving's publication, spoke, nevertheless, very highly of its literary merits. Irving, poor man, died soon after, with all the indications of old age, in his forty-second year; a striking victim of religious fanaticism and ambitious singularity.

CHAPTER III.

FROM 1822 TO 1832.

THE ten years embraced in this chapter were chiefly employed in writing desultory essays and letters for periodical publications, chiefly for the *Newcastle Magazine*, the *Durham Chronicle*, the *Black Dwarf*, and *Cobbett's Register*.

I wrote many articles for the *Newcastle Magazine*, of which I cannot give an enumeration, not having a copy of the periodical now by me. I wrote likewise, in conjunction with the Rev. David Paterson, of Alnwick, the Life of James Beattie, the poet, and an "Essay on Human Improvement." Another contribution to the Magazine I drew up from the verbal statements of Captain Milne, entitled, "Nine Years' Residence in Spain and Portugal."

In 1827 I wrote a series of papers in the *Tyne Mercury*, under the title of the "Political Economist," in which I treated the question of the influence of machinery on the social condition of society. I thought, from all I had read, up to this period, that the arguments for the great advantages result-

ing to a nation from mechanical contrivances for the saving of manual labour were somewhat *one-sided* ; and that much distress among the labouring classes was felt on all great changes made by disturbing the ordinary channels of the productive power of a country. My opinions were keenly controverted by several skilful writers, who stated their case in a candid and enlightened spirit.

I shall take the liberty of inserting a part of the last paragraph of my articles on the subject.

“ There seems to have been one principle of political economy, from which have flowed by far the greater number of those erroneous opinions and conclusions, which are so current amongst speculative politicians, respecting the benefits which arise from the employment of machinery ; and it is this :—*That everything valuable in society is the offspring of labour.* Without industry and labour, say they, man must inevitably perish. Now I do not in the least call in question the truth of this maxim, for it must appear self-evident to every person who will make it, for a moment, an object of reflection ; but I will oppose the inferences which have frequently been attempted to be drawn from it. The advocates of machinery reason this way : Labour is the parent of everything valuable in a country ; the more labour there is performed in a nation, the more

powerful and rich does that nation become. Machinery makes great addition to the labour of a country ; therefore that machinery must increase, in proportion to its quantity, the riches and power of a kingdom.

“ The fallacy of this conclusion arises entirely from the ambiguous meaning of the word *labour*. It is true that everything valuable arises from labour, but men are to bear in mind, while we acquiesce in this truth, that all kinds of labour, considered merely as labour, are not equally profitable. The plain common-sense meaning of the proposition is this :—Everything valuable in a country is derived *from certain kinds of labour*, performed *by certain kinds* of agents. Were the labouring portion of a whole community to engage themselves in beating the air, or making holes the one day and filling them up the next, they might be said to *labour*, but they would not be labouring for anything valuable either to themselves or any other part of the nation. It is the *kind* of labour, and the *kind* of *agents* which perform this labour, that we are to take into consideration. It is the quantity of labour, joined to the kind, and the agents by whom it is performed, that determine the strength and power of a nation. That labour is only good in kind which is performed properly, and adequately remunerated ;

and for the labouring part of the community to be paid a sufficiency for their labours, one circumstance seems absolutely requisite, and that is, that they keep firm possession of that labour in their own hands, which they have to give in exchange for food, raiment, and the other necessaries of life, of which they stand in need."

There was great excitement in the kingdom after the Duke of Wellington gave up the reins of power to the Whigs. During the agitation for the Reform Bill I received the following letter from Mr. Cobbett. At this juncture the *Register* and *The Times* were the two great leading journals for a reformation of Parliament.

Bolt Court, 14th April, 1832.

DEAR SIR,—

Lord Grey in his speech of last night said that the *Ten pound suffrage* was not the *principle of the Bill*; that *he* did not think *Ten pounds too low a suffrage*; but that the decision on that point would *depend on the House*, and *not on him*.

Now I am of opinion that he means to *raise the qualification*, and that he will do it, unless *petitions pour in immediately* from public meetings in the great and populous towns, stating, that to raise the qualification of voters would be to destroy *that efficiency* of the Bill which the Minister stands pledged to preserve; that, even according to the provisions of the Bill, the main body of the industrious classes is shut out from all share in the representation; that the Bill, as it now stands, greatly diminishes the number of freemen and other working

men entitled to vote; and that, if the qualification, narrowed as it has been in the Bill, *be raised*, the working classes will be shut out altogether; that they will be placed at the mercy of upstart aristocracy of money, and will, in fact, be slaves as complete as the Blacks in the Colonies, who are *represented by their masters*, who have a direct interest in the passing of laws to keep them in slavery; that the reformers, who know well that every man, who is of sane mind and unstained by indelible crime, has a right to vote, did, for the sake of peace, and in the hope that the *Ten pound suffrage* would bring the voting within the influence of the working people, give their assent to this Bill; but that, if the suffrage be raised, this, the *real efficiency* of the Bill, will be destroyed, and the working people will not only be as completely excluded as before, but, while they will have no power themselves, they will behold the power in the hands of that class who will constantly have an interest in oppressing them; and that in the Bill, thus altered, they will see no hope of any cause of redress of their manifold grievances, but will consider it as a fraudulent scheme for perpetuating the existence of those grievances, and as a breach of pledges repeatedly given them.

That, therefore, we pray that no addition whatever may be made to the amount of the qualification specified in the present Bill.

Now, if petitions from public meetings do not instantly *power in*, I am convinced that Ministers mean to *raise the suffrage*. I have thus *warned you*. I have done my duty, and I hope you will do yours.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

To Mr. Robert Blakey,
Morpeth.

After the receipt of this letter I sent out a hand-bill calling a meeting of the reformers of Morpeth.

(not a very numerous) body to draw up a petition to the House of Commons relative to this apprehended renouncement of the *Ten pound* franchise. This I sent forthwith to Lord Folkstone, which he presented to the House of Commons. The matter is mentioned in the *Political Register* for 1839.

Through the influence of Dr. Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, I was introduced to Miss Johanna Baillie, and her sister, Agnes; both ladies well known in the literary circles of London in their day. Johanna was full of interesting anecdotes respecting her contemporaries, and about the struggles she had had to contend with in her career. These she related without bitterness, but full of life and of “the charity which thinketh no evil.” Sir Walter Scott was an especial favourite with her; and she felt very grateful to him for the aid he gave her in bringing out one of her dramas in Edinburgh, the “Family Legard.” Her sister Agnes remarked that, in her humble opinion, there would be, in the course of not many years, a great extension of light and polite literature in England, which would vastly improve the manners and tastes of the people at large. The two sisters lived nearly sixty years at Hampstead, and both died at a very advanced age.

I began to tire, however, of writing those fugitive

articles, and felt the impulse of ambition to compile a distinct volume on some abstract question that would require some degree of thought and logical arrangement. I fixed upon the "Freedom of the Divine and Human Wills." This I wrote during 1829-30; and it was published by Adam Black, in Edinburgh, and Longman and Co., in London, in 1831.

Being somewhat timorous at taking so bold a step, I sent the MSS. to a friend in Edinburgh, in order to obtain some one's opinion of its general merits. In about a month's time it was returned with simply the remark, "that it was a very fair and creditable essay." There was nothing very flattering in this opinion; but when I came shortly afterwards to learn by whom it was expressed I took courage. This was no less a person than the late Lord Jeffrey, the distinguished editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. I need scarcely say that I was highly delighted at this piece of good luck.

Soon after the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions by Dr. Birkbeck, in London, I was waited on by Mr. John Fenwick, solicitor, and Mr. Emerson Chanley, bookseller, in Newcastle, to ask my assistance to form an institution of this kind for Morpeth. I did not go very freely into the matter, from an impression that the prevailing feelings of the public were much averse to any extension of knowledge

among the community at large. A good many of the political ends of the day were attributed to men becoming wiser than their forefathers. I told the gentlemen, however, I would think of the business ; and after a few days turning the matter over in my mind I resolved to try the experiment. I wrote an address on the value of knowledge in general, and struck off some hundreds of copies, and sent them chiefly among the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. A public meeting was held in the Town Hall ; and I was fortunate to obtain the countenance of two persons who aided me most materially, the Rev. Mr. Otter, Rector of Bothall, and Sir Thomas Burdon, of Jesmond, brother-in-law to Lords Eldon and Stowell, the one a rigid Whig, and the other a Tory. I kept in the background myself, for my very advanced political views were not sympathised with by the gentry in the vicinity. The meeting was pretty well attended ; and though there were no representatives of the press to report what was said, I wrote out fair speeches for the Rector and Sir Thomas. These received their unqualified approbation. Subscriptions were soon obtained, and a tolerably fair sum was provided for the purchase of books. I was commissioned to purchase some hundreds of volumes in Edinburgh, and thus the Institution was

at once set in motion. It is among the first mechanics' libraries in the country, and has been well managed by the working men themselves.

Soon after the establishment of this local library, we were doomed to hear the doleful predictions from the Tory press about the dangerous nature of scattering knowledge indiscriminately among the people. It tended to unsettle, nay, almost to revolutionise, public feeling on public affairs. It was said that Radicalism and every species of political inflammation would find ready fuel in the knots and cabals of half-educated mechanics. All these predictions have proved, however, illusionary and devoid of truth.

I had several interviews with the celebrated Mr. William Godwin, about four or five years before his death, which took place in 1836. I was, in my youthful days, one of his numerous enthusiastic admirers; chiefly, however, for his political speculations. I had perused his "Political Justice" over and over again, and entered warmly into all his discussions on the general influence of political systems, and the infinite perfectibility of man. No more abstract work on political science ever took hold of the English public mind with more tenacity than this publication. It was in everybody's hands. I found Mr. Godwin, notwithstanding his lengthened years, possessed of

considerable mental vigour. He spoke highly of Earl Grey's movements for a reform of Parliament; and contrasted the progress which public opinion had taken since the days of Hardy Thelwall and Horne Tooke, with all of whom he had been on the most intimate terms of friendship. Paine's "Rights of Man" he eulogised highly.

Mr. Charles Larkin and Mr. Thomas Doubleday had often conversations with me about the establishment of a weekly newspaper in Newcastle, with a view of maintaining the three grand principles of our political system—Universal Suffrage, Annual Parliaments, and Election by Ballot. It was agreed upon that I should write to Mr. Cobbett, and solicit his advice in the matter: particularly with a view of obtaining a suitable sub-editor, or general manager of the project. I received the following letter from Mr. Cobbett, which is highly characteristic of the writer, and cannot fail both to amuse and instruct the reader:—

King's Norton, Birmingham,
2nd February, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—

i. Mr. Gutsell has written to me from London to say that you and Mr. Doubleday want a managing editor for your newspaper, which you intend to revive. This managing editor is, indeed, in your case, everything. Brilliant as the paper was before, I pronounced its failure the moment that I heard that it was entrusted to *such a manager*. You re-

member my observation, "that it was impossible; that it was not given to man to do anything for a family who, without hereditary estate, had been bred up to music, drawing, dancing, and the keeping of 'scrap books,' instead of being brought up to make and wash gowns and smocks; to cook legs of mutton and make suet puddings; to wash dishes and scrub the floors." You remember the conversation well, I am sure, and therefore I was not at all surprised when I heard of the breaking up of your newspaper.

2. Mr. Gutsell also tells me that you want me to recommend you such managing editor. Now, my dear Sir, these are the qualities that are wanted: sobriety, perfect; youth and activity, sufficient; great habit of reading newspapers and other periodical publications; great habit of reading them for the purpose of selection, and of being pointed out for use; good taste as to arrangement; great quickness in perceiving what consorts with your principles and what does not; great quickness in the use of arithmetic, and a competent knowledge of accounts; honesty never to be doubted; good temper; modesty sufficient to prevent him from presuming to understand the matters as well as yourselves; lastly, but not least by any means, a sound understanding of all your political principles and views, and a rather enthusiastic zeal in promoting them.

3. Now I know of all these qualities to unite in Mr. Gutsell; and I should in vain beat about my brains to think of anybody else to suit you. But, say you, "how can you part with this young man?" The truth is that I shall not want him, probably for this year out. It is impossible to believe that I shall be this slave to this *Register* to the last hour of my life, and I am beginning to calculate at what time of his present year I shall put out this light; for a blazing light

extinguished by myself it shall be, and not a thing glimmering down and going out in the socket. In short, without a waste of words, I should think it damnable injustice to you, and by no means fair play to Mr. Gutsell, if I were not to recommend him to you, and to urge you to start with the new Session of Parliament. He knows so much of the arcanum of the London press; so much of its personal history and state; he has been so long distinguished to judge of what is coming by what he sees the villains put forth, that he must be of vast importance in such a concern. He would know at all times what to apply for in the book way; and (a thing we could never dream of before) he might be entrusted with our books to any extent, and might supply all the four northern counties. I send this letter to him to copy twice; to keep one copy for me, to send this to you, and to send the other copy to Mr. Doubleday under franks from London. With regard to *his consent*, knowing him not to be mad, must know that he will consent; for it is, indeed, to accept of a fortune as the reward of great industry, care, and integrity. I shall now leave you to correspond with him upon the subject; and he will only have to inform me of the time of his departure. As I told you before, it is uncertain when I shall drop the *Register*; but some time during the present year it will be, unless I meet with something very unexpected to cause me to desist from my present determination. Such an opportunity can never again offer for him, and it would be criminal in me not to afford him the opportunity of availing himself of it.

4. Now for a word about our prospects. You must have laughed to see me so grubbing about the dung of Ireland, in order to find out the means of combating the d——d Poor Law in England. I shall write no "Irish Tour;" but shall keep all the matter nicely arranged and ready to bring out

upon the hypocrites and base Irish landlords as occasion *may serve!* I take it that some one will blunder out a proposition for establishing Poor Laws in Ireland ; and then you may expect a most furious combat between me and the vile Irish opponents of that measure. I now know all their brutal theory, and all the details of their barbarous practice. I now know all about them from top to bottom, and I will not spare to make use of my knowledge.

5. Pray have you read a little book called "Cobbett's Legacy to Labourers," which has just been published up at London ? If you have not read it perhaps Doubleday or Larkin may. It lays the axe to the root of the tree of corruption and tyranny. I am sure I need not press you and the rest of our friends at Newcastle to use all the means in your power to cause a wide circulation of this book.

6. With regard to the Ministry and the Whigs, I take it that they will be very nearly balanced ; and the nearer the better. You can see what is coming as well as I can, and you will, I am sure, do your utmost to prepare for it. You see the Minister himself means to begin by what he calls a "Reform of the Church." Experience has convinced you long ago that high station has little to do with sound judgment. This Church cannot be reformed without overthrowing the whole fabric of Government. I give you from time to time a glimpse of the consequences of making such an attempt ; but if you could see the whole thing before you at once, you would be satisfied that to "reform the Church" means to overthrow this whole frame of Government. I do not go too far when I say that more than one-half of the landed estates in the kingdom are embraced in this very question of Church reform. You can see clearly that if you touch the deans and chapters (which Peel proposes to

do) you touch at once the lay impropriations. Impossible to touch them without coming to the Abbey lands and Colleges ; and then like catching birds *d la pipée* in France, the squalling having begun, down comes tumbling all the whole, birds of every description, till all are entangled in the bird-lime.

7. Not to plague you any more, I will just tell you that I think the fate of this Ministry itself depends upon the question of the Malt Tax, and as that is the only thing that can give them popularity sufficient to make them stand safely through the Session, I think they will give way ; and if they do, their whole system of excise is gone, root and branch.

8. To conclude, I strongly recommend you to begin your papers with the new Session of Parliament ; and to be very diligent in the collection of facts, and in explaining to the people what the Church reformers *mean*. You will remember that I intend this letter for Doubleday, for Larkin, for all of you ; that I expect great things from you ; and that you shall have every little assistance which it is in my power to give you ; that I hope your wives and families are all well, and that I remain,

Your faithful and most obedient servant,

To Mr. Blakey,

Morpeth.

W.M. COBBETT.

This project was not carried into operation. Mr. Gutsell could not be spared from Bolt Court at this moment. On this topic I received the following notification :—

Abingdon Street, London,
21st February, 1835.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am sorry to tell you that the affair must be off with regard to Mr. Gutsell. I was in hopes, and

indeed, I was confident of being able to supply his place; but in that I have been completely disappointed. It would be possible probably to get aid from some other quarter; and *in time*, doubtless, I should, but I have not the time; and, in short, if he were to go away, all my great labours which I am now dipped in must be suspended, and perhaps could never be performed at any other time. On his part, his zeal in my service, and his attachment to me, make him see nothing but my good, my fame, and my happiness, as to this matter; and under these circumstances I am sure that you and Mr. Doubleday will have the goodness to excuse both him and me. I cannot express the regret that I feel on this occasion, while I sign myself

Your most obedient servant,

W.M. COBBETT.

Mr. Blakey.

I had the two following letters from Mr. Cobbett, of some singularity for their *brevity*.. The first relates to his successful election as a Member of Parliament for *Oldham*. It has neither *date*, *place*, nor *signature*.

“ Just to let you know what has taken place.”

The other epistle is of the same nature. It says—

“ We shall beat the vagabonds.”

About this time I was introduced, through Mr. Charles Attwood, to Mr. Thomas Taylor, of Norwich, commonly called “ Plato Taylor.” He was an old man when this took place, and had devoted himself

for forty years to the exclusive study of what he called the "First Philosophy." He was very free and easy in his manner and conversation. He was, he said, the only man, since the days of the Emperor Julian, who had penetrated the intricacies, and effected a complete mastership of the ancient system of Grecian thought. He strenuously maintained that Aristotle was not only the pupil, but, in the strictest sense, the holder of the Platonic dogmas, contrary to the ignorant and rash deductions of the moderns, who had never fully comprehended either master or pupil. Mr. Taylor affirmed that all that the moderns possess of moral science, considered abstractly, consists of nothing else than small and broken fragments of the great Platonic union of the universe. He spoke, therefore, in a very scornful tone, on "the dark and partial systems of modern writers" on human nature.

Soon after my first interview with Mr. Taylor, Mr. Attwood sent me a letter he had just received from him, in which were the following words, "Send this on Plato to Mr. Blakey." It is highly characteristic of the philosopher's style, and modes of thought.

PLATO.

"Among the millions of the moderns, none, no, verily, not one, has soared to an approach to genuine greatness, intellectual and moral, except in proportion as the lights of truth from

the Platonic orb—a lamp eternal, burning in a sepulchre, yet even to the dead not useless—have broken on their mental senses. For the most part this has been at a second, or even a third hand transmission; aye, often, but a tenth reflection. Milton, Young, Thomson, Akenside, as well as even Shakespeare and Pope amongst our poets, are conspicuous instances. The first four writers were unusually proficient in Platonic knowledge, for dark ages like the present; had drank its spirit at its source, the genuine living fountain. Shakespeare's all-searching genius derived its intelligence and elevation from such scattered glimpses as shone, to his acute perceptions, in the frequent translations from the crowd of old philosophers of the less learned sects, whose doctrines were both mutilated and corrupted, as is usual in sectarian versions of Platonic truth. The comparatively learned genius of the Catholic Church has often delighted in its doctrines, and many of its scholars have bathed their intellects in the secret aspirations of ancient wisdom. Thence came the greatness of that earlier age, continued through the one that followed it. The light of mankind, then, had much resemblance to those roseate hues that linger on the mountain tops long after sunset; and men of upward tendencies of soul, like Shakespeare, are the cliffs which catch them.

“Pope knew little of Platonism by study by himself, but solely from the discourses of St. John, who himself studied it in the Latin version of the monk Ficinus, with all the felicity, but levity, of his natural temperament.

“How little Warburton really knew of the Grecian sage may be guessed at from this, that though the Editor of Pope, he knew not his (to modern minds) most brilliant work, ‘The Essay on Man,’ was but depraved and corrupted Platonism.

Cudworth drew all his stores of wisdom from his considerable, though imperfect, acquaintance with this lore. I think him by far the ablest English writer on Platonic themes, but then he drank of the stream of health at its purest fountains; and though neither he nor any other modern, save one, has ever been able perfectly to master the arduous difficulties of that stupendous lore, yet it was to him, and it is to all, as the tree in the garden of Paradise, capable of communicating immortality by its very taste.

“Bishop Berkeley, the best English, and perhaps the best modern writer, derived all his greatness, all his clearness, all his purity of mind, from an unusual effusion of this sacred Grecian learning. His fine genius was naturally congenial to all divine conceptions. But in spite of these instances just named, Platonism has been for a long course of deeply benighted ages, to even the wisest of our unhappy and bewildered species, ‘a fountain closed and a book sealed.’”

CHAPTER IV.

FROM 1832 TO 1840.

IN 1832 I began a sort of journal, and I shall now take a few extracts from it that I think may be interesting in a literary point of view.

September 29th, 1832.—I had this day as a visitor one of the most distinguished literary and political characters which ever adorned this or any other country, namely, Mr. William Cobbett. About this time last year I called on this truly great man, at his house in Kensington, and was kindly received by him. My only claim upon his attention to me was, from two or three communications I had sent him on public affairs, which he had thought of such importance as to publish in his *Weekly Register*. When at Kensington he told me if ever he came to the North of England he would call and see me; and this promise he has now fulfilled.

After the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Cobbett thought that a journey through the country might be of service, and he undertook this kind of political

pilgrimage principally with the view of pointing out to the people the best method of making the Reform Bill a really useful measure ; by enforcing on the attention of the electors all over the country the necessity and obligation of sending only such persons to Parliament as would pledge themselves to reduce the burdens of the country, and to vote for any other measure which their constituents might deem of great and public utility. Mr. Cobbett's method of carrying this plan of instruction into full effect was to deliver lectures in the principal towns in England and Scotland. He had been last week lecturing in Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Durham ; at all which places he had been attended by a vast number of people. These lectures were generally delivered in *Theatres*, and the price of admission was one shilling. He lectured here in the Town Hall. There were not more than 150 persons present. I believe every person was highly gratified ; and had the people in general thought that the gratification would have been so great, the house would have been crowded.

Mr. Cobbett's excellence in these public addresses consists in his remarkable clearness of statement, his good-natured facetiousness, and sarcasm. His fine personal appearance has also a great effect upon the audience.

Mr. Cobbett is now in his sixty-seventh year. He is above six feet high, stout made, of a plump, ruddy countenance, and has a most winning and engaging smile. His hair is as white as the driven snow. His whole appearance is of the most engaging and gentlemanly kind. He is a singularly abstemious and temperate man ; never eating anything after dinner, with the exception of a little bread to his tea. He avoids spirits, wine, ale, porter. His dislike to all these things is so great that he will not sit down in a room where they are used. His common drink is a little skim milk. He goes to bed at eight or nine o'clock, and rises by four or five in the morning. He keeps an amanuensis, and dictates all his *Weekly Register* to him.

September 30th.—Mr. Cobbett stayed with us all night, and was early up this morning writing. We had some extremely interesting topics of conversation through the course of the day. With respect to what he said on politics I will relate nothing, as the substance may be found in his works. He told me the plan of his intended new work, to be called the “Poor Man’s Bible,” which will be prefaced with an essay on Infidelity. He is a firm and sincere believer in the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures ; and professes to believe in all the doctrines of the Episcopal Church.

of England, whose form of worship he thinks the best. I was particularly pleased with the extent of his knowledge with respect to the external history of Christianity. He had read, apparently with great care and attention, all the works of the most eminent of the Christian fathers, and frequently quoted Justin Martyr, St. Chrysostom, Ambrose, and St. Augustine. He expressed to me in strong terms great dislike to those reformers who reject the Scriptures ; and he observed that, as far as his experience in life went, he had always found that such persons were at the bottom very conceited, and not unfrequently profligate and immoral in their general behaviour ; and, above all, he always found them very disagreeable companions, and avoided their company as much as possible. He is particularly hostile to Unitarians, and maintains they are only Deists at bottom.

Nothing gives him, apparently, such delight, if we are to judge from the feeling and enthusiastic manner in which he speaks of the matter, as to see regularity and order in all family concerns. And when he speaks on the expediency or benefits of any particular line of politics, he carefully enumerates the *moral advantages* which such and such measures are calculated to produce. He mentioned two or three times to me that nothing gave him more mental anguish than his

travelling in Lancashire, and other manufacturing districts, where he was compelled to behold such profligacy and immorality among young people, which was generally produced by such a number of both sexes being indiscriminately huddled together in large mills. Indeed, he said, he felt quite relieved when he got out of this part of the country.

He and I had a conversation of *eight hours'* duration; and I must say it was one of the greatest intellectual treats I ever had. He went to bed to-night at eight o'clock.

October 1st.—Mr. Cobbett up this morning before daybreak, and finished his *Weekly Register* by twelve o'clock.

Speaking on the influence of religion on the habits of the people, Mr. Cobbett said, "I have often witnessed the surprising and happy effects of a resident clergy among an agricultural people. I would instance the county of Suffolk. This is one of the best cultivated districts in England, and the labourers in it are the most active and clever. Nothing can surpass the neatness, cleanliness, and order displayed by the farmers' and labourers' wives. But in this part of England, churches are studded in every two or three square miles, so that the people of every rank and grade are immediately placed under the eye of resident.

parochial ministry. Men may say what they please, but it is a valuable privilege to have the forms, rites, and duties of the Christian religion for ever present to the minds of these honest and unsophisticated sons and daughters of toil."

October 3rd.—Went to Alnwick this day to a Reform dinner in the Town Hall; not many present. Sir Francis Blake in the chair. I was rather flattered by Lord Howick's attention to me at the dinner. He called out that he would be happy to drink wine with me, a mark of distinction I did not hear him make to any one else.

October 16th.—Received a letter from Charles Attwood, Esq., Whickham, Chairman of the Northern Political Union, as one of the Council, of which I have been chosen for two years. Mr. Attwood requested I would distribute some handbills, respecting the time and place he intended to deliver a public lecture, on the finances of the country, in opposition to the opinions of Mr. Cobbett, on the same subject. Wrote a little of the concluding essay on the "History of Moral Science."

October 19th.—Preparing for my journey to London to-morrow morning.

October 20th.—Left this morning by the *Wellington* for London; intending to take Cambridge on my

road. Got to Huntingdon on the Sunday, at twelve o'clock at noon.

October 21st and 22nd.—Went off this afternoon to Cambridge. The town is the oldest-looking place I ever remember seeing; and the numerous colleges add greatly to its antiquated beauty. I had letters of introduction to some of the professors of this renowned seat of learning and science. Mr. Whewell, a gentleman of great reputation, received me kindly, and took me to some of the most remarkable places in the town; and also Mr. Bushby, of St. John's College, was very assiduous in letting me see what was worthy of notice. I set off in the evening for London, and arrived about nine o'clock.

October 23rd.—I called upon Mr. Allan Cunningham, who kindly received me, and expressed his readiness to serve me in any way he could. He is a very tall, stout, and rustic-looking person; and while we were conversing together I could not help scanning his bulky frame over, to see if I could discover the outward visible signs of the poet and painter. But with the exception of his eye, which is rather expressive, and of a dark hazel colour, there is little in his looks or demeanour which would indicate a first-rate literary man. His conversation, however, was very sensible, and he talks with ease, and without any

of that studied and set manner which we see in some distinguished men, who always seem, when talking even to a single friend in private, as if they were delivering an harangue to a numerous audience. I should think Mr. Cunningham is a plain, honest, unassuming, and clever man, and well worthy of the reputation he at present enjoys in the periodical and lighter literature of the day.

October 24th.—Called upon Mr. James Duncan, Paternoster Row, and made an agreement with him as to the publication of my “History of Moral Science.” I waited also upon Mr. David Booth, 25, Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury, who is an author of some note, having written an “Analytical Dictionary,” an “Answer” to Mr. Malthus’s Book, and several other things of merit. He also, I am informed, superintends the press for the publications which issue forth from the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge. He is one of the most extraordinary personages I have met with for some time past. He is not, I believe, 5 feet high, of very dark visage, eyes very red and watery, and presenting altogether an impish and fiendish look. He was very kind, however, and invited me to dine with him next day, an invitation which I readily accepted. He wished to see my essay on “Moral Good and Evil,” a copy of which I immediately sent him.

October 25th.—I breakfasted this morning with Dr. ——. He is a good mathematician, and a generally well-informed man. Mrs. —— has the reputation of being a very clever person; but I must confess I do not like those critical and philosophical wives. I do not like to see a woman before strangers, in company of any sort, dispute every inch of the ground of a controversy with her husband. It looks ill. There is something very unseemly in it, and it is very apt to engender a kind of feeling in the woman's breast towards her husband which should not be there. The more I see of these sort of women, the more forcibly am I struck with the beauty and propriety of St. Paul's remark as to the conduct of wives, that they should be "shame-faced." I went to Mr. Booth's according to promise. What a strange little creature he he is! He began to talk to me immediately upon matters of religion; and said that his system was that of complete scepticism. I wished to avoid a conversation on this subject, as I had been given to understand, by some friends who knew him intimately, that he was zealously wedded to his peculiar views; and on this account I concluded it would tend to no good to contend with him. I soon found this to be the case. I am convinced that infidelity has a very pernicious effect upon the mind itself, intellectually considered, by

creating a captious and disingenuous mode of arguing and thinking. Mr. Booth appeared to me to furnish a striking example of this. Though his talents and acquirements are very respectable, yet he has what I conceive a very narrow mind—that is, a mind totally unable to grapple with any great and interesting question, and discuss it properly ; and this imperfection has arisen principally from his sceptical habits.

He was pleased to compliment me on my essay, which he had read carefully. He said, if my “Moral Science” was written with the same ability which was exhibited here, there was no fear of its ultimate success. He has a wife and two interesting daughters who are all very well-informed. His wife is of the same irreligious opinions as he is, but seems to have a great partiality for “Pope’s Universal Prayer,” as she quoted several lines of it to me. I cannot say I obtained much instruction from my visit. His arguments against the Christian religion were of a very common-place kind, and chiefly taken from Hume, Helvetius, and two or three more French writers.

October 27th and 28th.—Came home by Leeds, and arrived among my beloved wife and family at ten o’clock on Sunday morning. How delighted to find them in good health, and how glad were they to have me among them again !

October 29th.—Read again “Grotius on the Christian Religion.” A very excellent book indeed. Corrected the first two proof sheets of my work, and wrote several letters.

October 30th.—Had a call this morning to breakfast of Dr. Brown, of Langton, Berwickshire. The doctor is quite a learned man, and I believe one of the most respectable and influential members of the Scottish Church. I have had the pleasure of knowing him for these last two years. He has always a lively interest in my welfare. We have had some tough contests on predestination, for which doctrine the doctor is a zealous champion. When he was here on a visit one day to my friend, Mr. Brown, on a sacramental occasion I believe it was, he got so warm with the “Controversy on Necessity,” that he missed the dinner hour. He is a very fair and honourable disputant, and seems only anxious at all times to know the truth. He is the author of the very learned and clever work on “Presbyterian Church Government,” which bears his name. I half promised to call at his residence on my way to Edinburgh.

November 6th.—Went into Newcastle to dine with my friend, T. Doubleday, of Elswick Cottage. He is a very clever man, and so free from every particle of vanity and dogmatism that his conversation is very

pleasing and instructive. He is at present a principal contributor to Tait's *Edinburgh Magazine*. He has written many works, both for the stage and for the periodical press of the day, well worthy of attention. He has the most comprehensive and accurate knowledge of politics, considered as a science, of any person in this part of the country. There is also a simplicity of mind, and singleness of purpose about him, which renders him a great favourite with all who have the honour of his acquaintance.

November 7th and 8th.—Wrote a little of my moral history—to last chapter; which I am rather desirous of making something good. The subject, however, is difficult.

November 9th and 10th.—Read Tooke's “Diversions of Purley;” a very amusing and ingenious performance. He has been accused by the late Professor Stewart, and others, of leaning towards materialism; but from what I have seen of the book, I do not think there is any ground for this charge. However, I have only looked into the first part of the “Diversions;” and it is not improbable but his second may speak out more freely on this subject.

November 14th and 15th.—Read Dr. Wardlaw's book on the “Moral Accountableness of Men for their Belief,” and found it a very clever work.

November 16th and 17th.—Corrected some of my proof sheets sent from Edinburgh. What curious creatures those printers are! They never pay any attention to the *sense* of a passage, only to the *spelling* or *pointing*, and they are but imperfectly acquainted with these. When my essay on “Good and Evil” was printed in Edinburgh, Mr. Balfour’s foreman took it into his head to transpose the parts of a long sentence—that is, put the first branch of it to the last. I corrected this in the proof sheet, and also wrote a note on the sheet that, *this error might be carefully corrected*. When the work was finished, I went down to Edinburgh, and seeing the book, I lighted on the page where this very identical error was, and, behold, it was on still, for the men had never altered it. I named the matter to Mr. Balfour, and he sent for the foreman, and requested him to bring the proof sheet of this passage with him. He did so; and I pointed out to him the error I had corrected, and expressed my surprise that he had not attended to my corrections. “O!” says he, “I think the sentence *sounds* very well.” “Sounds,” says I, “do you think people write books to be set to music? Read it over to me, and tell me what it means.” He read it over, but could not tell the meaning of it, but was quite confounded. Mr. Balfour, seeing the grossness of the

error, and the care I had taken to have it corrected, ordered the whole sheet to be cancelled, and printed afresh at his own expense.

November 22nd and 23rd.—Read a little on chronology—a rather intricate matter. This study requires considerable knowledge in sacred and profane history. Read as well in mathematics. Wrote a little.

November 24th and 25th—Wrote a little. I have been thinking for some months of beginning an essay on the “Sublime and Beautiful.” It is a long period since I wrote or read anything on the subject. It has long been a curious question what is the foundation of our ideas of beauty and deformity. I have the outline or framework of a work in my mind at the present time; but whether I will have leisure to enter fully into the subject I cannot tell. I have plenty on my hands at the present time.

November 30th.—Read for the second time Jenyn's works. They are very amusing, and occasionally instructive. I have written an essay on his “Theory of Moral and Physical Evil” for my history. I think it will do very well.

December 1st.—Read a little, and looked at my manuscript of a “Treatise on Logic.” On a second reading, after a year's neglect, the whole matter seemed very passable; and my present purpose is to

finish the work, and get it published as soon as possible.

December 4th and 5th.—Composed a little of my “Logic;” but, somehow or other, I did not get on in the argument as I wished—in fact, my mind has not been for a twelvemonth directed to the subject, and therefore I am not in good working trim.

December 6th and 7th.—Corrected four sheets of my work, and sent them to Edinburgh.

December 10th.—Had a call to-day from the Hon. Captain Howard, son of the Earl of Carlisle. He is to be elected to-morrow as member for this town, in the first Reform Parliament. He seems to me a quiet, good-natured youth, rather weakly and effeminate in his manner; and I should think, from his conversation, that he does not know much about politics. He pretends to be very Liberal, too; but the great thing is if he knows when to say “Yes” and “No” in the Commons. If the man has *common sense* and *common honesty* they will prove more serviceable than the power of making long speeches. The nation has been bamboozled out of both its money and its wits by these long, interminable harangues in the House.

December 11th.—This has been a memorable day in the annals of Morpeth. A representative has been chosen to sit in the first Reform Parliament. This

borough has, for a century or two, been as corrupt and profligate a one as any in the kingdom: but its corruption, thanks to the Reform Bill, is now likely to be in a great measure removed. The ten-pound householders will shortly work a cure. The lands must be thrown open to the highest bidder, and this will remove most effectually all grumbling among the electors. There was a dinner given to Captain Howard at the Town Hall, at which 125 sat down. I have been the object of the greatest abuse for getting up this dinner. My opponents were the freemen, who could not brook the idea of having a dinner to pay for, instead of receiving one, and also two guineas into the bargain, as has been the invariable custom. Yet, almost all the freemen having fields belonging to the Earl of Carlisle, from which they derive from five to ten pounds per annum clear gain, I knew they durst not but come to this Reform feast, which was anything but "a feast of reason and flow of soul." They looked very chopfallen. Dr. Trotter and I were certainly the principal promoters of the measure, and we entered into it with a view of humbling the corrupt freemen, and also to get rid of the odious practice of a candidate giving dinners to his constituents. The dinner was really better attended than we ever expected; but if Mr. Howard had had to give the feast

what a much more numerous assembly we should have had ! It is said by travellers that the bold eagles in Canada can smell a dead carcase as far as the Gulf of Mexico ; and I am very sure that such a dinner would have been scented from the confines of Bedlingtonshire. The servile wretches of freemen accuse the doctor and I of wishing to rule the whole town—a thing for my part I by no means wish ; but, at the same time, I am confident we are fully equal to the undertaking. But to rule well, in this case, we must rule with a rod of iron.

I had frequently heard of the voracious and brutal manner of eating practised by the generality of the freemen when at public dinners ; but on this occasion I had an ocular proof of the truth of this frequently repeated accusation. I was placed at the head of one of the tables, and by this means possessed a good view of the whole group ; and I must confess that I have seen several public dinners, but never a tithe of the vulgarity and beastliness I witnessed on this occasion. The guests could not wait till they were served ; but you might have seen four or five fellows all cutting and tearing away at a goose or a turkey ; every one striving who could obtain the largest portion—in fact I could not get my own dinner attended to, with looking at the gormandizing crew. They never chewed their meat,

but just swallowed it whole, and with a rapidity that was quite wonderful. Many of them, I am confident, had not tasted victuals for the last twenty-four hours.

December 12th.—Engaged in manufacturing speeches for the newspapers, as there was not a single reporter either at the meeting in the Town Hall, or at the dinner. I have had my friend Dr. Trotter, who proposed Mr. Howard, several times to-day. I am fond of the doctor; and I am confident he reposes a great deal of confidence in me.

December 15th.—Went off this morning at half-past five o'clock with Mr. Woodman and Mr. Thos. Jobling to Alnwick election, fixed for this day. Lord Howick went through here the night before, and he was rather apprehensive of the Tory party endeavouring to put two members in for the northern division of the county. However, this fear proved groundless. He and Lord Ouseston were elected. Howick spoke very well; but I must confess that his sentiments were not Liberal enough for me on many important topics, particularly on the Church Reform which was in contemplation. He maintained that the Church had not too much wealth, it was only too unequally distributed. But it is manifest to me that this Church has far too much; and that no reform is worth a straw to the people of Great Britain generally, if the Government

do not cut down the great livings and give the surplus to the nation at large. I feel confident the reformers in England and Scotland will never be duped by such a bit-by-bit reform as is now contemplated by the present Ministry.

What a miserable thing this Lord Ouseston proved himself to be at Alnwick this day. His own party must have been ashamed of him. He stood like a downright ninny, and could not say a single word. He went to Rothbury to address the freeholders in that part of the country, and he twice endeavoured to do so, but without effect. He got out “Brother freeholders,” and never could utter a word more, but bade the postillion drive on. What poor stuff many of these lords are made of.

Lord Howick gave a dinner in the evening to his particular friends, by special invitation. About forty-six sat down. I had the honour to be invited by Mr. Lambert, his lordship’s chief attorney. His lordship was very attentive to me at table, and I must say I felt the compliment highly. I got home at a little after ten o’clock at night.

December 17th.—Delighted beyond measure that my friend Mr. Cobbett has been returned member of Parliament for the important town of Oldham. I felt more interest in his election than I felt for all the

Liberal candidates in other parts of the country, put them all together. I know he will make what the French call a *sensation* in St. Stephen's. I feel confident his return will be hailed by thousands in every part of the kingdom with delight, and be looked upon by them as an important era in the history of civil liberty. The Whigs generally dread him, for he is so far their master in knowledge and in boldness, and in the most uncompromising fidelity to principle, that they are sure he will put a complete extinguisher upon all your little would-be patriots and sham Liberals.

December 18th.—I received this morning by post a franked letter from Mr. Cobbett, dated from Birmingham. The letter just contained the following words:—“Just to let you see what has taken place.” I feel really grateful to him for this memorial of his attention and regard; because it shows that though he has made hundreds of friends since he left my house to go to Scotland, he has not forgotten me in the multiplicity of his new friendships and important engagements.

December 19th.—Considerable excitement in Morpeth on account of the election for the southern division of this county. Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Ord were the popular candidates in the Whig interest, and Mr. Bell in the Tory. The latter beat Mr. Ord by a

majority of 92. I wished Mr. Ord to succeed; but I was always of opinion that if the Tories gained the victory, it would be equally as well, for they would do so by such foul means as would show the present Ministry the necessity of giving the people the *Ballot*. The Tories by all accounts have gained the victory by the pure means of intimidation practised among the farmers and dependants. Northumberland is now one huge rotten borough, and will continue to remain such till some method be devised for securing protection to electors from the influence of landlords and customers.

In 1833 I paid a visit to Cambridge University. I wished to ascertain what was taught in the moral philosophy classes. I had a letter of introduction to Dr. Turton, but he was from home. Mr. Whewell, afterwards Doctor and Master of Trinity, was appointed to take his place in his absence. Dr. Whewell was very polite and attentive to me; and showed me his course of lectures on Moral Philosophy, founded, as a text-book, on a part of a chapter of "Locke's Conduct of the Understanding." The doctor had not then, I thought, paid much attention to the various opinions and theories of moral action, either in England or on the Continent. He said he preferred the studies of natural philosophy and mathematics to those of human nature. He was particularly

affable, and took me to all the notable localities in this venerable and famous seat of learning. He likewise mentioned that he had published several works on the physical sciences, but he had lost money on all of them, in their publication.

I paid a visit to Mr. William Godwin, the author of the once famous work, "Political Justice." He was about the middle size, with an intelligent countenance, and a copious flow of language. He talked much about his early friends, Paine, Halcroft, Thelwall, Sir James Mackintosh, and Horne Took. He related the following incident with great glee:—It appears that Sir James Mackintosh was a sort of bosom friend among these worthies, until he obtained some distinction from the Tory Government of the day, when he shied out of the Reform ranks, and soon finally cut the connection entirely. Paine, knowing the baronet was employed on a work on the "French Revolution," met his footman in Cheapside, stopped him and requested him to tell his master that he, Thomas Paine, was going to write a book on the same subject, and after it was published no other would be read on that topic. "This," said Godwin, "was very prophetic, for Mackintosh was entirely thrown into the shade after the 'Rights of Man' made its appearance."

February 10th.—Received a letter from Mr. Balfour, in which he stated that Dr. Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, author of a very popular work on the “Intellectual Powers of Man,” would like much to see me when I come to Edinburgh; and that he would feel much obliged to me if I would allow him to look over the proof sheets of my “History of Moral Science,” a request I immediately granted. Wrote a letter to that effect.

February 26th.—Made several calls in Edinburgh. At Mr. Whyte’s, the bookseller, I found a parcel directed for me from the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Perth, inclosing a letter from that gentleman with two pamphlets on the controversy which engages the attention of all the religious people in Scotland at this moment—namely, on the attempts which the seceders are now making for doing away with the Established Church. Called this evening upon Dr. Abercrombie, who invited me to dine with him on Thursday.

February 27th.—Called upon the Rev. John Hunter, of the Iron Church, this day. How kind he was! He is the cleverest man in conversation I almost ever met with. He has a clearness of perception, and a fluency and correctness of expression, which fall to the lot of but few men. He asked me

to breakfast to-morrow morning. Called upon Mr. Tait, the editor and proprietor of a popular magazine under his name.

February 28th.—Saw Professor Napier, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, who was very kind and affable. I never mentioned the object of my present visit to the “Modern Athens.” We had some political discussion on the present state of the country, in which I remarked that I was very apprehensive the Whigs would not reduce the taxes of the nation in any degree worth mentioning. He defended them, and craved for time before condemnation was pronounced. I dined this day with Dr. Abercrombie at his house in York Place. We had a Dr. Cormack, a minister some way up Gala Water, and a Dr. Beilby. Dr. Abercrombie and I had some conversation on moral and political subjects; and he was pleased to speak in very complimentary terms of my “Moral Science,” now in the press.

January 1st, 1834.—This day begins a new year. One is naturally led to take a review of our life and proceedings for the last twelve months. My “Moral History” is the principal thing which has rendered this year remarkable to me. I have every reason to be thankful, and some would even say proud of the reception it has met with hitherto. . . . Not much

profit certainly as yet; but I am not altogether without hopes that I may yet realize something even in this way, ere long. I have received an account from Mr. Duncan, a bill at six months for £60; and this, with what I got in the way of subscriptions, will bring me within about £36 of paying for the whole edition. But the pleasantest part of the business to me is, that this work has brought me into actual contact with some of the first minds of the age; and has interested various persons most zealous for my interests. One ought not to look exclusively at the money side of the question; because kind friends and reputation are far beyond mere riches. I think there is far too much sordidness and mercantile speculation mixed up with literature at the present day. The question with every writer now is, not what permanent reputation will this bring to me, but what money can I put into my pocket by this work. And this spirit prevails so generally among all ranks of men of letters, that it threatens to prove subversive of all permanent and really substantial knowledge. The whole of literature at this moment puts on a sort of catch-penny appearance.

It has been my constant aim since the publication of my last work to cultivate a spirit of humility, and

to guard against being puffed up with vanity and conceit. Literary reputation is of an uncertain nature, and there is nothing more unseemly in my eyes than to see a man giving himself all manner of ridiculous and presumptuous airs, merely because he has been the author of a respectable publication. I have also endeavoured to lay my accounts for crosses and disappointments in my literary enterprises; and these I may safely look for increasing in number as I travel onwards in my journey. But moderation in our expectations is one of the very best preservatives against troubles of this description.

I hope the Almighty disposer of events will make me truly thankful for all His manifold mercies to me; and that I shall, through His grace, spend this ensuing year better than I spent the last.

January 4th.—Received the January number of the *Presbyterian Review*, in which there is a long and favourable notice of my “Moral Science.”

April.—My work, the “History of Moral Science,” in two volumes octavo, was published in London. On its appearance it was well received by the critics; and more flattering things said of it than ever I expected.

August 8th.—I had the pleasure this morning of meeting with the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, of

Edinburgh, at my friend's, Mr. Brown, at breakfast. The doctor had been up in London preaching for some of the Scottish Churches there, which were in great debt, and he was now on his way home.

This celebrated preacher and philosopher is about 5 feet 7 inches high, stout made, and of a real genuine Scotch physiognomy, slightly marked with the small-pox. He is a gentleman of affable manners, and was very attentive to me, and said, "it gave him great pleasure to meet with me." He is a most miserably bad politician. He has published some works on this subject ; and I was really most seriously disappointed to find him so full of prejudice and error on the leading principles of this important branch of human knowledge. He maintained that the taxes of the country did not affect the price and the demand of labour among the mass of the people ; and that the great source of our embarrassment resulted from an overstocked population. He illustrated the first argument in this manner :—Suppose a landlord has an income of £10,000 per annum, and the Government comes, in the shape of a property tax, and takes away three of this ten thousand. The Government expends this money, and employs as many labourers as the landlord would do, if that sum had remained in his hands. I endeavoured to convince him that the

money taken from the gentleman would not be laid out to such advantage as if allowed to remain in his hands ; and I also pushed the doctor hard with the inference clearly deducible from his premiss, that if his view of taxation was a correct one, then the amount of taxes was a matter of no consequence whatever to the great mass of the nation, and that mankind had certainly laboured under a very erroneous opinion from Adam downward ; for that there was not in all history a single example of king, or minister of state, ever coming forward to a community of people and demanding a tax without, at the same time, lamenting the necessity for so doing. Every Government laments that taxation is an evil ; but they contend it is a necessary one. But if the doctor's opinions were true, then taxation is no evil at all.

We discussed several other political points. He called upon me, and said he would be very happy to see me when I came to Edinburgh, and take breakfast with him. His work on the "Evidences of Christianity" has undergone a good deal of criticism, and differences of opinion have been entertained on its merits. It has been objected to him that he speaks too lightly on the *internal* evidences, and in some parts of his book he talks of *throwing them all overboard*. I spoke to him on this point. I said I

thought that the division of evidences of our holy religion into two great parts, the internal and external, helped to facilitate the study of the subject greatly; but that it appeared to me that when we were engaged in studying the external evidences there was an under current of reasoning going on in the mind at the same moment, by which we were judging of the aptitude and reasonableness of the doctrines we were engaged in establishing. I said, had the Scriptures stated any very strange fact, contrary to all our notions of things, such as that all the Jewish nation, at the time of our Saviour's sojourn on earth, walked upon the crown of their heads, though made in every respect as we are now, it is difficult to conceive that any external evidence would have been forcible enough to establish the truth of a fact of this nature. But in reference to the leading doctrines of the Gospel, we are to look upon them as having, in some measure, an echo, so to speak, in every man's bosom, and they are found to apply to the wants and wishes of all the human race. "You are quite right," said the doctor; "what I had in view when I wrote the work was to explode some errors which some writers, who had distinguished themselves on the internal evidences, had fallen into in pushing their principles to too great a length, and pretending to

know the whole of the divine procedure towards man. Dr. Macknight furnishes an example of this kind. But I perfectly see the truth and force of what you have advanced on this subject, and my opinion is that the internal evidences are by far the more powerful and convincing."

I received a copy of Dr. Chalmers's "Political Economy" from the author, with a kind note accompanying it, also his vindication of his system against the animadversions of the Edinburgh reviewers. His views of political matters are widely different from mine; yet there are some things in his work which I think good and sound. I was in Edinburgh about two years ago, and being out at a dinner-party at a private friend's, the conversation turned on the doctor. One of the party, a Mr. Bruce, a minister, announced the matter as a kind of secret, that the doctor was going to send another volume forth on "Political Economy;" but the manner in which Mr. Bruce spoke of the thing, and the way it was received by the company, evidently gave you the idea that they all thought political economy was a kind of hobby of the doctor's; and that his lucubrations were more to be laughed at than reasoned with. I have heard the same tone expressed in various other quarters.

As the *New Monthly Magazine*, edited by Dr.

Thomas Campbell, the well-known author of the "Pleasures of Hope," had noticed my "History of Moral Science" in flattering terms, I was anxious to see him, for he was one of the lions of London in his day, to thank him for his flattering critique. Dr. Cook Taylor voluntarily undertook to introduce me to him at the office of the Magazine. I felt a great pleasure in shaking the Editor by the hand for his favourable opinion. After chatting a little time on the weather, the conversation turned on the nature of poetry generally; and the question was asked, what constitutes *real poetry*? Is it definable? What are its foundations? And I well remember Campbell saying, "Well, in my humble opinion, poetry may be justly defined to be fine thoughts, in fine, beautiful language." Dr. Taylor furnished me with many anecdotes of the great poet, and many more I subsequently heard from his friend and biographer, Dr. William Beattie.

I hope the reader will pardon me in giving the following letters from distinguished men, in reference to my "History of Moral Science," which I have just alluded to. I might have added many more, though, perhaps, none could be selected of greater weight than those of Sir William Hamilton, Dr. Robert Southey, Allan Cunningham, and Dr. Thomas Chalmers.

From Sir William Hamilton.

Edinburgh, 11th May, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—

I have to apologise for having so long delayed in acknowledging the receipt of the copy of your work on the "History of Moral Science," which you did me the honour of sending me. For some time after I received it, I was from home, and was prevented from giving that careful perusal of the work which its plan and execution demanded. I have now read its most important chapters, and have equally to applaud the plan of the work, which supplies a *desideratum* in our language, and (with the deduction of some errors) the execution is well performed. I am afraid, however, that such is the indifference at this time to all works of an intellectual and philosophical character, that you will scarcely obtain that credit which you eminently deserve. If you do, I shall rejoice both on your own account, and as a sign of improvement in the public intelligence.

Believe me to be, yours most truly,

W. HAMILTON.

Robt. Blakey, Esq.

From Dr. Robert Southey.

June, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have just received, by coach, the two volumes of your valuable "History of Moral Science," through the hands of our mutual friend, Mr. Cunningham. I assure you I appreciate your kindness in sending me these volumes very highly. The subject to which they relate has always been more or less a favourite one with me; but of late years I have not had my attention drawn to it so often and steadily as my own in-

clinations would have led me, had I been perfectly master of my own time. I have read nearly the entire work through; and I assure you, I use no flattery when I tell you I have received great pleasure, and I believe instruction, from the perusal; and I have likewise been very forcibly struck with the great ability and cleverness of the whole performance. I have no doubt but the volumes will take an honourable position in the standard philosophical literature of our country. Your style is at once clear and popular; and your arrangement of the argumentive matter with which you have to deal has appeared to me to display great logical acuteness and tact.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

From Allan Cunningham.

27, Belgrave Place, 10th June, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am one of those who allow letters to lie unanswered, and acts of kindness to continue unacknowledged, in the vain hope that the future will relent, and turn up that spoke of her wheel which confers leisure, as well as fills the cup. I ought to have told you long ago that my friend Mr. Southey has expressed himself in his letters to me, "I believe I thanked you, and through you the author, for Mr. Blakey's 'System of Moral Science'—a very useful and able compendium." This is all that he said, and you will receive it in the belief that he had spoken fully before in his other letter, for I have no doubt he wrote one, which never reached me. We correspond through publishers and other private modes, and I should not be surprised to receive his letter yet, for he is the most punctual man of genius I ever met with.

I wish you health and good fortune ; trust for fame to the public. A book which is full of sound knowledge, and written in a style clear and agreeable, will be sure to make its way. Duncan is not so rich, nor too proud to push a work ; and yet he is rich enough to push it properly without starving it. I consider you fortunate in your bookseller. When I travel north I shall make an inroad upon you.

Yours, with much esteem,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

R. Blakey, Esq.

From the Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers.

Edinburgh, November 16th, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have received a copy of your "History of Moral Science" which you have been so kind as to forward to me ; and I assure you I have looked into it with some care (I had partially glanced at it some time before), and I find many things to which I can give my unqualified and hearty approval. The language is clear, flowing, and forcible. I fully agree with all you state on the nature of Dr. Hutchinson's work, "On the Passions," and likewise with the general current of your observations on Hume's "Theory of Utility." But the most interesting parts of the work to me are those wherein you descant on the moral system of Dr. Edwards, and on the great doctrine of philosophical necessity, in your notice of my friend, Dr. Dewar's work. There are several statements here to which I cannot give my full concurrence. I am aware that Edwards's "Theory of Moral Principles" is, from the point of view you have chosen to look at it, liable to the logical conclusions and consequences you have stated ; but you will have the goodness to recollect

that in reference to the great principles of predestination, on which the entire fabric of our Calvinistic theology rests, there is a manifest difference between these principles and the doctrine of philosophical necessity, as you state it, and as it is laid down by Hume, Hartley, Pристley, and others. I think this difference essential to the right consideration of the entire question; and your not having kept it in view in the development of your thoughts on the matter, has led you to make certain statements, as legitimate inferences, to which I cannot agree. At the same time, I cheerfully avow that the whole question is one of the most intricate and abstruse which can occupy the philosophical mind; and I consider you have treated it with consummate cleverness and tact.

You seem to adopt, as the most rational among many moral theories, the one which resolves our moral obligations into the will of God. To this I am ready to yield my assent; but here, too, with certain important qualifications—such qualifications, in fact, as would not compromise the leading principles involved in Dr. Edwards's view of morality. But I am sorry I cannot go more fully into the question at the present moment, but when you come to Edinburgh I shall be glad to have the matter talked with you.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS CHALMERS.

Mr. Blakey, Morpeth.

At the end of February I finished my essay on “Logic.” Before entering upon the publication of this work, I wished to have the opinion of some persons capable of judging as to its merits; particularly the

plan of it. I waited upon Dr. Abercrombie, who invited me to dine with him, and I read part of the MS. to him. He was pleased to express his approbation both of the plan and execution of the work. I also submitted the papers to the Rev. John Hunter, of the Tron church, and he kindly devoted three hours of his time to their examination ; and he gave a similar opinion as to their merits as Dr. Abercrombie had given.

The following letter led to my co-operation with Mr. Fielden. It is from Mr. John M. Cobbett, now (1872) M.P. for Oldham :—

London, 23rd March, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I came up from the circuit on Saturday, having received your letter while at the assize town. I am much obliged to you for it, and, though I am not about to answer it now, yet I am urged to stir up *your ideas* in a matter that, perhaps, you have not anticipated.

In short, we are losing enormously per week by the *Champion*, and we want to know if you think anything can be done by a junction with the *Liberator* in any way ? I have no time to explain fully, nor have I time to suggest any means, but having had a conversation with Mr. F. this morning, I determined, with his sanction, to write immediately to you, and ask you to think about it, and let us know as early as possible what you think. He thinks that, by some means, a good paper might be made out of the two

at any rate, and he has a notion of letting Mr. —— go round the country, to talk to the political clubs, &c. &c. so as to make it known.

In great haste, I am, my dear Sir,

Yours truly,

JOHN M. COBBETT.

Write soon, and say whether you are *now* furnished with an idea.

The proposal contained in this letter was to join the *Champion* newspaper to the *Northern Liberator*. The former had been established two or three years before, and supported solely by him, but it was now a decided losing concern. It was a good paper, and was well managed, chiefly by Messrs. James and John M. Cobbett. Early in April I went to London on the business: and on the 4th of that month had a meeting at Clifford's Inn with Mr. Fielden and the Messrs. Cobbett, when articles were agreed on, which are substantially set forth in the subjoined papers. The place of publication, after amalgamation, was still to be Newcastle-on-Tyne; but an office was to be opened in London for the sale and circulation of the paper in and about the metropolis. The union of the two papers was effected in the latter end of the month, under the title of the *Northern Liberator and Champion*.

The deed of partnership was to be made after the expiration of twelve months from this date. Mr. Henry Gibb was to be my representative, and Mr. Richard Cobbett, solicitor, Manchester, Mr. Fielden's. In the meantime, Mr. Fielden was to furnish me with a certain sum of money, to enable me to pay off certain debts of the *Liberator*, and allow me to work the general business in an efficient manner.

The latter end of this year the Government entered a prosecution against me, for publishing in my paper an "Essay on the National Right of Resistance to Constituted Authorities." I maintained that all nations had a right of this kind, and cited many authorities upon the question. This prosecution, after a deal of anxiety and pecuniary loss, ended in my being bound to keep the peace towards the Government of her Majesty and heirs, for three years, in my own personal recognizances, in the sum of *Five Hundred Pounds*. After this I sold the paper at a considerable loss.

I had previously joined Mr. John Fielden, at his own solicitation, in publishing his London weekly paper, the *Champion*, under the title of the *Northern Liberator and Champion*. This came out at both Newcastle and London.

February 4th, 1837.—Went to London. Dined

with Dr. Croly, Rector of Walbrook. He is a clever man, but an ultra-Tory. We spent an exceedingly pleasant evening together.

February 6th.—Dined by appointment with William Hare, the author of the “Parody of the Litany,” for which he was prosecuted in the year 1817. He is the author of several other publications. I had a great desire to see him. He is a little, thick set-man, apparently about sixty years of age. He is very intelligent, especially about the antiquities of London, and its customs. He is now connected with a weekly paper belonging to the Dissenting body. He told me he was for many years of his life very sceptical in matters of religion, but that now he was convinced that he was in error; and he added, that he had *now* no desire to read any book but the *Bible*.

He mentioned a singular circumstance which led him to alter his religious opinions. At the time this happened, he was *virtually* a Deist, but *nominally* a Unitarian. He said he found it, in a worldly point of view, necessary to keep up a connection with some religious establishment. This was his sole reason for publicly joining this sect of professing Christians. There was a public dinner once a year, a sort of Unitarian anniversary, at which all the leading and influential members of the body made it a point of

conscience to attend. Mr. Hare generally attended. On this occasion the body were disappointed in a Chairman, the person previously arranged to fill this office having been taken suddenly unwell. This was not known until the company had all assembled. An old gentleman, above eighty years of age, of very venerable appearance, was fixed on to discharge the duties in this emergency. After the cloth was drawn, the old Chairman arose, and after some prefaratory remarks on the nature and object of the meeting, he said : “ Gentlemen, with respect to the doctrine of atonement, I have always thought that it deserved more mature consideration than our body have been in the habit of giving it.” “ Here,” said Mr. Hare, “ a yell proceeded from all parts of the company ; and cries of ‘ Put him down ! ’ ‘ Turn him out ! ’ were wildly vociferated from some of the more zealous and influential of the Unitarian body.” The poor Chairman was confounded. Mr. Hare said that he saw two or three of those of the literary phalanx of the Unitarians rise from their seats, and actually gnash their teeth at the old man’s declaration. The effect the scene had on Mr. Hare was to lead him to examine the subject for himself, which he had never before done ; and he told me, with great feeling and earnestness, that the inquiry terminated in the most perfect conviction that

the doctrine of the atonement was fully established by the declarations of the Scriptures.

November 9th.—Went out of office as Mayor in favour of Dr. Hedley. A deputation of the Council waited upon me to give me a public dinner, but I thought it better to decline this kind invitation. A few of the Council dined together, and I among them, on this day.

January 1st, 1838.—I went to Newcastle this day to attend a public meeting against the new Poor Law Bill. We had some most excellent speeches from Mr. Cobbett, Fergus O'Connor, and Rev. Mr. Stephens, of Ashton-under-Line. I this day bought the whole of the printing materials used in carrying on the Newcastle *Liberator* newspaper for 500*l.* Mr. Augustus H. Beaumont had started the paper only a few months before, but could not remain in Newcastle to superintend it. The materials cost 900*l.* only a few weeks before they were brought down to the north.

Mr. Beaumont, of whom I purchased the *Liberator* paper, died suddenly in London of brain fever. He was a kind-hearted, generous person, enthusiastic in politics, but knew little of them, and wanted judgment.

I have been writing at my leisure a few of the lives of the Ancient Fathers of the Church. I like to dwell in imagination with these illustrious men. I

feel a heavenly glow over me when I am perusing their deeds of heroism and piety. I have also been writing out afresh some old Metaphysics, written twenty years ago. I just wished to preserve them, as they were the first fruits of my abstract speculations. I do not think them of much value. I have an irresistible desire to write an essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful," and I purpose doing it as soon as I have a little spare time. I think most, if not all, the writers on this subject have overlooked the real general principles on which our notions of the sublime and beautiful are grounded. I may be wrong, but I think I am right.

May.—The Corporation Schools were now finished, and pretty well filled with scholars. They will prove expensive, but money cannot be better laid out. If they should prove troublesome to some parties in town who have had the money to borrow to build them with, I shall regret, for I was the principal cause of their being built. At first, the proposition for the building of them was rejected by the Town Council; and the second time the matter was brought before that body there was considerable opposition against the speculation. I was Mayor, and could not properly either debate the question or propose anything. However, I broke through the ordinary rules, and addressed the Council, pointing out the benefit the schools would

effect, and the great obligation the Council lay under to build them. I was surprised to find I had made an impression, and the consequence was that I got a motion unanimously agreed to for the immediate building of these two schools. I came home quite delighted with my victory.

June 8th.—Called upon my friend Mr. Cobbett. Found him at Bolt Court, at breakfast with Mr. Finn, a Member of Parliament for some part of Ireland. We had a very animated conversation for nearly two hours. Mr. Cobbett was particularly earnest and impassioned in his remarks upon the Poor Law Bill, now going through the Lower House. He looked well, much better indeed than I expected to find him. He made me promise to breakfast with him to-morrow morning.

June 9th.—Waited upon Mr. Cobbett at the time appointed, eight o'clock. He was in good humour, and in excellent spirits. Full of opposition against the new Poor Law Bill. His conversation was really instructive and eloquent. He intended to deliver a speech on the day following, regarding this Poor Law Bill. He wished me to come to the House and hear him deliver it, but I told him I had to leave town on Thursday morning. “Well, then,” said he, “I will have a rehearsal. I will make you Speaker, and deliver the speech to you.” He began, and went through the

principal points relating to the Poor Laws from the earliest times to the present day.

Called upon Mr. Allan Cunningham, who has very recently published a "Life of Burns," which has been, he said, a tolerably profitable speculation. On talking over the matter, I said that though I was a great admirer of the poet's genius, yet I had long been of opinion that his writings generally had exercised an unfriendly influence upon the minds of the public. "You are right," said he; "Burns had an ill-regulated mind, *but do not say anything about it.*"

Went to Edinburgh on a visit. I saw Sir William Hamilton, Bart., advocate, and one of the professors in the University, to thank him for his kind letter to me regarding my work on "Moral Science." He was very kind and pleasant. Sir William has the reputation of being one of the most learned men in England; and you cannot be long in his company till you must be convinced that his knowledge of books is extensive and surprising. But I am of opinion that this prodigious stock of acquired information has been obtained at the cost of some important and valuable intellectual qualities. His mind seems to have been unable to digest the load of matter presented to it, and functional derangement has been induced by the influence of repletion.

I mentioned to him that I purposed publishing a small work on “Logic.” I knew that he had written a few months before an article in the *Edinburgh Review* on several recent works on that subject ; and I was the more anxious to have his opinion on my work. I had not the MS. with me ; but I told him by word of mouth my leading views. Some he entered into, and some he differed with. At the same time he thought that there was room for a work of a popular cast on “Logic.” He was very affable and kind, and requested I would come and see him when I came to Edinburgh again.

I saw Dr. Chalmers twice. He was much altered for the worse, from the last time I had seen him at Morpeth. From his great exertions at a Presbytery meeting regarding Church affairs, he had brought on a severe attack of illness ; and when I saw him at the College, the first day, he had just got out of bed, and could only give one lecture a day instead of two. He was very kind. I went the next day to hear him lecture. He recognised me in the gallery : and when he was done with his lecture he waved to me, and we had a little conversation. I apologized for not calling upon him at this time, on account of his illness ; but he made me solemnly promise I would come and take what was going at his house the next time I came to

Edinburgh, without any formal information. He concluded by expressing himself with much fervour in these words: "Be assured, Mr. Blakey, I feel much respect for you, and a lively interest in your welfare."

I heard his lecture with much pleasure; but there is a want of plainness and point in what the Doctor delivers. I am afraid many of his students receive but little benefit from him; for he shoots over their heads by his elaborate speculations.

I went to hear a lecture on "Moral Philosophy" from Professor Wilson, the celebrated editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He is what some people would think a fine-looking man; but to my eye there appeared to be something excessively low and gross in his countenance. His lecture was, in parts, pretty good. His appearance was that of a man who had been spending the whole night at the shrine of Bacchus, and had just got himself gathered together to discharge what appeared to him a very irksome duty. His papers were all to regulate when he came to his chair; and four times he had to stop in the lecture till he found the right piece of paper, to enable him to go on with his remarks.

I had an interview with Dr. Lee. He had just finished a pamphlet on "The Revenues of the Church," a copy of which he was so kind as to send me. As

he at one time gave lectures at Aberdeen on "Logic," I took the liberty to consult him on the plan of the little work I was about to publish on that subject. Upon the whole, he expressed himself satisfied with the soundness of my general views on the matter.

When I came home from Edinburgh I found a number of the *Eclectic Review*, with a flattering notice of my "Moral History." Also a kind letter from my friend, Mr. Doubleday.

In 1839 I became acquainted with Dr. Maginn, who at this time stood high in public estimation as one of the most fertile periodical writers of the age. Our acquaintanceship commenced thus wise. I took a volume of my "Essay on Logic" to a bookbinder in Southwark, and on entering his office, and telling him my errand, he said, "Well, this is rather curious. Here is a gentleman come on the same errand, with the self-same book." On learning I was the author of the work, Maginn shook me kindly by the hand, and said he was delighted to have met me, particularly under such singular circumstances. He paid my Essay many compliments, and said that he had another copy of it at home. I often met the Doctor afterward, and had long conversations with him. He was a most delightful companion, with fascinating powers of conversation.

CHAPTER V.

FROM 1840 TO 1844.

AFTER my libel affair was wound up, I commenced a weekly paper in London, called *The Politician*, but after the sixth number I gave it up.

1840.

This year, in May, I left my native town and settled in London for a time. In the following year I went to France with my wife and family. Here I resolved to devote all my time and energies to philosophical literature. The extensive libraries in this country opened out what seemed to me a novel and inexhaustible field of knowledge and research. I stopped a few months at Boulogne, where there was a good library of *thirty thousand* volumes. I attended this library daily, leaving home early in the morning, and remaining as long as the establishment continued open. I soon began to increase my materials to a considerable extent; but the works on metaphysical science not being very numerous here, I thought it better to remove into

Belgium, where I should come into contact with many public libraries which had more of the scholastic or Middle Age literature than there was in this part of France. This kind of reading was indispensable to my plan of operations.

1842.

In the middle of January this year I removed to Ostend, and obtained a furnished lodging there at nine francs per week. I went immediately to Bruges for the sake of the library, and found a splendid collection of books on the subjects I required. In April, however, my money was nearly exhausted. I set out for England, with a view to seek some little pecuniary aid from some of my former friends; and after about a fortnight's absence I returned, and brought with me about 50*l.*, which I had obtained without much solicitation. This inspired me with additional vigour and zeal in the prosecution of my literary project. I visited and remained some time at Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, and other smaller towns where there were collections of books; and I soon began to see the precise shape and form which my Treatise ought and must assume if ever it was destined to see the light of day at all.

Independent of the 50*l.* I had just obtained I sent my political essays I had written when at

Boulogne to some gentleman in England ; and I received during the summer and autumn, in three remittances, other 35*l.* What became of these effusions I never could learn. I have never seen any of them in print. Probably they were hashed up in some office or other, and came out under new names, and under other auspices. But this part of the business never troubled me ; it was the money which at this moment was alone interesting to me.

Through the kind solicitations of Professor Meüller of the University of Louvain, I was induced to leave Ostend and to come up to live beside him. I was given to understand that for my peculiar line of reading and research the University library here was superior to any other in Belgium. I went there in September, and I found everything as he had described. The collection of books on philosophy generally is voluminous and unique, especially in all that relates to what may be termed *Catholic speculations*. The President of the University, and all the Professors, were exceedingly kind and obliging to me ; and I shall ever remember with gratitude the many kind offices they rendered me in allowing the books of the library to be taken to my own lodgings, and in giving me many useful hints on the state of mental philosophy in Belgium at this period.

From the difficulty of finding good lodgings at Louvain, we repaired to Ostend again in the month of November. I had now been able to put my materials into such a shape and form, as to justify me, with the consent of some friends, in printing a prospectus of the work, in *three volumes*. This I did at Ostend. I applied to his Majesty, King Leopold, to head my subscription list, and I was agreeably surprised by his immediate answer for *three copies*. I next endeavoured to obtain the name of his Royal Highness Prince Albert : this I also secured. Through an influential channel in Brussels I got a verbal order for the King of Prussia. I longed anxiously for the name of Louis Philippe ; but how to obtain it was the difficult point. I did, however, succeed in this a few months after.

I may mention here that, independent of my labours in mental science, I cultivated an acquaintance with the German and Italian languages. The French I could read tolerably well when I left England. I also collected a great many materials relative to the Fathers, and ancient solitaries of the Church, as well as of matters connected with political literature, moral philosophy and logic. Ecclesiastical history, and the general secular history of the Middle Ages, had both occupied a share of my time. I never studied

regularly and methodically in my life till now, and I got, what appeared to me at least, over a great deal of ground in a comparatively short space of time.

1843.

In the month of February of this year I visited Paris, with a view to obtain the name of Louis Philippe to my book. When I arrived there I found this would be a hard matter to accomplish. However, by a little perseverance, I did get it effected. I obtained, moreover, the names of several distinguished persons in Paris, well skilled in a knowledge of mental philosophy. The names of such eminent persons would, I conceived, stamp my work with a certain character of importance and worth.

I was now again in great want of money. I came to England in May to seek some, and I succeeded in obtaining about 30*l.* This was a seasonable supply. I endeavoured at the same time to make some final arrangements about the publication of my "History of Philosophy;" but the voluminous and extensive nature of the thing frightened the booksellers. I was now at a standstill, not seeing any immediate resource to supply our necessities. I considered that a work of a more limited expense, and on a popular subject, might possibly aid me. I threw, therefore, metaphysics

aside for a time, and betook myself to enlarging and perfecting my “Primitive Fathers of the Church,” which had the year before been published in London, in a very imperfect manner, having in my troubles been sold to an insignificant dealer in books, at a public sale, and sent forth to the world without a *preface*. I had become very much enamoured of everything connected with the early ages of the Christian system; and when in Paris, and in all the public libraries I had visited in France and Belgium, and even in Germany, I had rummaged about concerning the MSS. and old books containing lives of the saints. I had obtained some very rare and curious things about the early Hermits, which I longed to mould into some shape or form, preparatory to publication. With these general notions and projects floating in my head, I resolved to take a small furnished house at a village called Ghistelle, about six miles from Ostend, and about half-way between there and Bruges. There was a small garden attached to the house, which had been planted with everything requisite for the season. The rent was very low. Here we went and resided during the summer, till the 1st of October, when we again returned to Ostend. It was during these fine summer months that I wrote and arranged my “Christian Hermits,” and I also

greatly enlarged and revised my volume on the "Primitive Fathers of the Church." I got up these two publications with a view to turn them into something for present necessities, which were urgent and pressing.

I have often looked back with pleasure to the five months I spent at Ghistelle. The weather was beautiful, and the peaches, nectarines, cherries, &c., of which the garden was full, were delicious luxuries to my family and self. I was so completely secluded from all annoyance and interruption, that I got through a deal of work, which was from its nature peculiarly pleasant to me. The great drawback to my peace of mind was, however, my necessitous condition, and this sometimes so preyed on my mind as to make me very unhappy indeed. We had not more than *one sovereign* left when we quitted this quiet and peaceable retreat. We had one consolation, we owed no man anything.

Being now in great straits, we determined to go to England by way of Calais, in order that my family might stop at the latter place, till I saw what I could do in my own country, either in the way of business or in literature, it mattered not which, provided a living could be obtained. With this view we sold a few odds and ends, chiefly books, to raise a little

money to carry us on our journey ; and a friend kindly lent us a little more, so that we had now the means to remove in our power. When parts of our boxes were packed up, a circumstance occurred which entirely changed our views and projects, and nothing ever impressed me more deeply with the thought, how much of human life depends upon matters over which we seem to have no control whatever. Nay, we cannot even anticipate the turn affairs may take from one hour to another, such is the general current of existence relative to the ordinary transactions of life.

I had for some time been acquainted with Major —, an open, kind, and honourable man. He was a son of a Scottish General of great fame. A day or two before I purposed leaving Ostend, I met him at the Casino, where we often had a chat, after skimming over the daily papers, both London and Parisian. On this occasion he introduced me to Mr. —, who had recently come to Ostend with his family, and who, he told me, was an author of an historical poem, the writer of several articles in the early numbers of the *Westminster Review*, and an intimate acquaintance of Sir William Molesworth, and other distinguished persons and characters, both literary and political, in England and on the Continent.

I soon found my new friend was full of literary projects, and a man who seemed bent on either "making a spoon or spoiling a horn." Among other projected undertakings was one on the "Life and Times of Charlemagne," which he contemplated entering into immediately. I intimated to him that I had paid some attention to this subject myself, and had collected a number of materials with a view to future labours in this direction. This excited his curiosity and inflamed his ardour. I invited him to my lodgings the next day, and promised to show him the fruits of my historical inquiries into the Middle Age transactions. He came at the appointed hour, and after I had displayed all my goods and chattels before him, he said he would call again next day, and would speak to me more particularly on the matter. From certain hints which fell from him in the course of conversation, I thought he wished either to purchase the materials I had, or engage me in helping him with the work he himself contemplated writing. Under this impression I was determined not to leave Ostend for a few days longer.

On the next day, we had a long interview of nearly three or four hours. He expressed himself quite astonished at what I had collected, and what I had actually written on his favourite subject. After a

good deal of fencing on both sides, he ventured to ask me what my present labours were, and how I purposed employing my time. I candidly told him my actual situation; and that I should be happy to come to some agreement with him, either for the sale of what I had, or to help him in his own work. He immediately assented to either the one plan or the other; but which he would choose he would leave to the decision of another day.

Walking early next morning on the Digne at Ostend, I fell in with my friend the Major. I found he had been confidentially consulted the previous night by his friend on the subject. I was not at liberty to say anything in the matter; but the Major said, "I am sure you will make a capital work between you, and I hope you will come to such terms as will be of mutual benefit to both." I also found that Mr. —— had spoken of me and my historical materials in the most flattering terms.

On our next consultation I ventured to ask Mr. —— some questions relative to the nature and extent of the work he contemplated on the "Life and Times of Charlemagne." He gave me a frank and full outline of it. I told him that I thought it would be defective from his confining himself to so narrow a field of history; and that if a more extended

range were taken in the first instance a book might be made which would possess a permanent and enduring character. After a little further discussion he thought there was something feasible in what I had stated ; and he requested me to draw up an outline of such a work as I myself would undertake, providing I had the means of carrying it into full effect. On the next day he called, and I presented him with the outlines of a treatise in six volumes octavo.

He was quite astonished and delighted when I put this sketch into his hand ; and he immediately asked me what I would take to furnish materials in the way I mentioned for each volume. I offered to execute everything to his entire satisfaction for *fifty pounds* per volume ; twenty pounds to be paid in cash when I commenced each volume, and the remaining thirty to be in a bill, payable in London, at dates suitable to his own convenience. This was instantly agreed to, ten pounds were paid on the spot, and the following memorandum drawn up and signed by us both :—

[COPY.]

“ Ostend, November 22nd, 1843.

“ *Agreement between Robt. Blakey, Esq., on the one part,
and —— on the other.*

“ Mr. —— having proposed to write a work on the

‘Social and Political State of Europe from the time of Charlemagne to the French Revolution of 1790,’

“Mr. Blakey has agreed to render him assistance by way of notes and other documents collected and prepared by Mr. Blakey, upon the following terms. Mr. —— to pay Mr. Blakey 50*l.* every four months, commencing on the 1st December, 1843, at which time (say 1st March, 1844) it is generally understood that a volume of 500 pages shall be jointly produced.

“In case of decease of either, this said agreement to be cancelled.

(Signed) “ROBT. BLAKEY.”

I set immediately to work, and my friend was equally active in writing to his acquaintances, both in England and on the Continent, that he proposed bringing out a work of this kind. I laboured almost night and day, and employed the whole of my family in copying out, writing in a plain hand, for the printer. I readily obtained what money I required for subsistence, and everything went on very agreeably and to M——’s entire satisfaction. I had him often twice a day, and nothing could exceed the ardour and enthusiasm he threw into the speculation. He told me he would rather be the author of a work of this kind than have an estate of 40,000*l.* a year.

As his work I have just mentioned is still (1872) unprinted, and in the possession of some gentleman

in London, who has a mortgage upon it of 700*l.*, I shall here give a copy of the original proposal to get out the treatise by subscription:—

Preparing for Immediate Publication.

(BY SUBSCRIPTION.)

A HISTORY OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY, FROM THE TIME OF CHARLEMAGNE TO THE PERIOD OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, IN 1790.

*In 6 volumes, octavo, of 500 pages each, price £3 12*s.*, or 12*s.* a volume, paid on delivery.*

By _____ Esq.

The First Volume will be ready for delivery on the 1st of March, 1844; and the other volumes will appear regularly at an interval of four months between each.

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INTRODUCTION: Containing an Analysis of the General Principles of Government; the obstacles and difficulties inherent in the Subject; the present state of the Science of Government; the progressive improvement that may reasonably be expected in it, from the Cultivation of other branches of Knowledge; the state of Parties, and the condition of the People of England, at the present moment; and the principles of Remedial Measures, with their mode of administration.

CHAPTER I.

The state of Europe a little before, and at, the accession of Charlemagne to the throne of the Western Empire; his Civil Government; his System of Legislation and Capitularies;

his Judicial and Financial Measures; Military Organization; his Wars; the Social, Political, and Religious Privileges, and Influence of the Clergy; the State of the People; the Emperor's Encouragement of General Learning, Philosophy, and the Fine Arts; his Consolidation of the Doctrines and Discipline of the Church; and his Private and Public Character.

CHAPTER II.

The Laws of Justinian, and of the various German Codes, till the end of the twelfth century.

CHAPTER III.

The Influence of Christianity upon the Social, Civil, and Political Institutions of the State; the manner in which this Influence manifested itself—namely, by infusing milder principles into all Wars and Negotiations; by teaching the great Doctrine of the Equality of Man; by Discouraging Slavery of all kinds; by Elevating the Social and Domestic Character of the Female Sex; by the Sanctity of the Marriage Tie; by the Humane Attention to the Poor and Destitute; by the Solemn Observance of the Sabbath; and by many other important means.

CHAPTER IV.

On the State of Trade, Commerce, and Manufactures at the end of the twelfth century. The Amount and Distribution of the Precious Metals, from the Christian Era to the end of the twelfth century.

CHAPTER V.

On the Nature and Origin of the Canon Law.

CHAPTER VI.

On the Feudal System at the end of the twelfth century.

CHAPTER VII.

On the Social and Political State of England, France, Spain and Portugal, the Italian Republics, and the Low Countries, at the end of the twelfth century.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Political Writers and Philosophers of the Times.

The Second Volume will embrace: the History of the Crusades; their Influence on Social and Political Principles; the Origin of Chivalry; Communes and Free Cities; the Origin and Political Influence of the Papacy, from Clovis till the end of the twelfth century; the Commencement of the Scholastic Philosophy; its Influence on Social Institutions. The Political Writers of the Day.

The Third Volume will contain: a Review of the Social and Political State of England, from the twelfth century to the time of Henry VIII.; the Obtaining of Charters securing the Liberties of the People; on the Nature and Constitution of Parliament; the Rationale of Representation; Annual Parliaments; Vote by Ballot. *France*, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries; Social Condition; History of the Parliaments; Conflict of Political Interest between Town and Country. *Germany*. *Spain and Portugal*; the Cortes and Biscayan Fueros. *The Italian Republics*; Social Condition and Political Liberty. *The Low Countries*; the Prosperity of the Towns under Civil Administration; Burgundian Rule and Decadency. *The Papacy*, from the Pontificate

of Innocent III. to the Death of Leo X. Political Writers of the Times.

The Fourth Volume will embrace : the Origin of the Reformation ; the Principles, religious, social, and political, from which it emanated, and its Effects on Society ; Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, and Melanthon ; their Religious Disputes ; Public and Private Character ; the Trial of Servetus, his Tortures and Execution ; Revolution in England of 1688 ; the Political Principles and Measures derived from it—namely, the System of Funding, Banking in all its Ramifications, embracing the Usury Laws, the Bullion Committee, and Peel's Bill ; Poor Laws ; the Principle of Parochial Relief ; the Doctrine of Resistance to Constituted Authorities ; Direct and Indirect Taxation. Political Writers of the Times.

The Fifth Volume will contain : the Origin of the Manufacturing and Commercial Systems ; the Right of Search ; the Social and Political Condition of the People of England, from the time of Henry VIII. to the year 1790. *France. Germany. The Thirty Years' War.* The Political Purposes to which Protestantism was made Subservient by the Germanic States. *Spain and Portugal. The Italian Republics and The Low Countries.* Discovery of the American Continent, and its Influence on the Wealth, Commerce, and Social Relation of European States. *Russia* ; the Artful yet Uncivilised Peculiarities of its Policy. Political Writers.

The Sixth and Concluding Volume will treat of the Origin and Science of Jurisprudence ; the History of Political Economy in all its Branches. The American Revolution, embracing a Synoptical View of its Political Constitution ; the Social and Political Spirit pervading its various Institu-

tions. The Progress of Political Science over Europe. The Predisposing Causes of the French Revolution. The Political Writers of the Day.

There will be copious notes added to each volume, illustrative and explanatory of particular principles and passages in the text.

The great end and object of this work will be to make history, in all its bearings and aspects, subservient to the development and illustration of social and political principles. History has been commonly considered as the instructor of mankind; but the lessons thus taught can only be generally profitable by placing in a prominent position those elementary principles of civil government on which all societies of men must be founded; and by pointing out their application and modifications under ordinary and special circumstances. Without keeping this in view, history can only present a crude mass of unconnected events, perplexing to the mind, useless and delusive to the Legislator, and exercising an unfriendly influence over the best interests of Mankind.

1844.

THIS year commenced under rather more favourable auspices than the preceding one, and I was enabled to keep my Christmas and New Year in English fashion, with a little roast beef and plum-pudding. But just a little after this festive season my youngest son took typhus fever. This was a subject of great anxiety to us all; but he so far recovered by the middle of February that the doctor ordered

him to be removed for change of air to some other town. We fixed to go to Dunkirk; for which place we immediately left. Up to this period I had given Mr. —— *four* volumes of MSS. fit for the press, with a long Introduction of 100 pages of letter-press. I got four bills of 30*l.* each; and for the ready money part of the transaction I had already drawn a considerable part, but not the whole. I only took this as I needed it. I laboured hard at Dunkirk; and by the latter end of March finished my fifth volume, and transmitted it to Ostend. As the public library of St. Omer is one of the very best in the north of France, for certain kinds of books, I repaired hither, where I obtained very comfortable lodgings, at a moderate price. Mr. —— had now given me orders to prosecute my investigations to the extent of other *our* volumes, making ten in all. Before, however, the sixth was quite finished, I found an interruption in obtaining my remittances from him. One bill I had drawn for 400 francs at sight, came back dis- honoured; but was paid a few days after. This rendered my movements very insecure. I was obliged to make a stipulation that, without punctuality in the matter of money, I could do nothing more. Mr. —— had been over at London, and had taken the whole or a considerable part of the MSS. with him, to

take the opinion of some of his literary friends upon their merits, and to make some arrangement for immediate publication. The opinion was satisfactory ; and this proved no little satisfaction to me ; for I had endeavoured to do my very best, just as much as if my own name had been destined to figure in the title page. A printer and paper merchant had also been found ; and everything indicated an early movement in the right direction.

I found, however, that there was a screw loose in reference to money at Ostend. I had great difficulty to get what was absolutely necessary for the most pressing wants. Seeing things unfavourable, I again went over to England to endeavour to raise a little cash. I stopped at Canterbury for several days, to look for something I wanted in the Cathedral library. Here I received a letter from Mr. —, with a remittance of money from Ostend ; and with fair promises of future punctuality. An earnest appeal was made to me to come to Ostend by first opportunity, in order to have all things made tight and right for the press, as arrangements had now been entered into with a first-rate establishment in Brussels for the printing of the whole work. I consequently went no further, but came back to Dover, in order to proceed first to St. Omer, and thence to Ostend forthwith.

Having to stop at Dover for two or three days, in order that I might have a letter back from Ostend definitely fixing our movements, I stepped in one forenoon to the reading room of Mr. Bachelor, printer and bookseller. Accidentally we concocted an acquaintance ; and finding him over head and ears in reference to Puseyism, then all rampant, we got into conversation on the early church, and a variety of matters connected with theological doctrines and affairs. I happening to tell him that I had made a good many inquiries into the history of the Early Fathers, and Christian Solitairies, he became suddenly deeply enamoured with my studies, and at once offered to print my "Christian Hermits" forthwith ; and from his influence with London booksellers he thought he should be able to do something handsome both for me and himself. Fortunately, I had the manuscript with me, which he requested to look at, and to show to one of the dignitaries of the Church in Dover, who was deeply imbued with everything connected with the "Tracts for the Times." He told me he would make a final arrangement with me next day. This was done. I left him the MS. ; and on the third day, before I left by steamboat, at twelve o'clock at noon, the first proof-sheet of the work was placed in my hands to take with me to St. Omer. This was a rapid

and unexpected movement. It occurred, I think, in the middle of July.

I went from St. Omer to Ostend to superintend the first volume for the press at Brussels. I lived at one of the hotels; but dined occasionally with Mr. ——, at our mutual friend the Major's. We looked the MS. carefully over, added several important notes, and made a little alteration in the arrangement of the chapters. This was all done to satisfaction, and the papers were at length sent off to the printer's.

I had scarcely been at my own home at St. Omer when I received a letter, that I must come to Brussels by first diligence, in order to superintend the press, and to watch the progress of the work till the first volume was completely finished. I immediately obeyed the summons, and found Mr. —— there ready to receive me. He wished some fresh notes inserted, and some additional paragraphs written, to enlarge particular and interesting parts of the work. I think I remained about three weeks, trying to get the Introduction of 100 pages through the press; but I found it nearly impossible to get a single sheet correct. In fact, there was no man in the large establishment of Messrs. Walhen and Co. who understood the English language, and consequently there was no such thing

as obtaining correct spelling. I wrote to Mr. —— and told him he would have to give up the idea altogether of getting the work done here; but on this point he would not listen to my advice. After making some arrangements about my future payments, we parted; and he said he thought he would be able to get the matter put through the press in a decent and creditable style, notwithstanding the almost insuperable difficulties which stood in the way. When I left him he was in the highest spirits as to the final success of the speculation, and he over and over again affirmed that nothing should stop him till he got to the tenth volume.

About a fortnight after this I received a letter to say that Mr. —— found it impossible to go on with the printing at Brussels, and that he would repair forthwith to England, and have the thing immediately brought before the public. He also intimated to me the unwelcome intelligence that I was not to look for any further pecuniary assistance from him until he had got the whole first volume through the press. I was, consequently, once again nearly destitute of resources. The only thing I had to rely upon for present necessities were two bills of Mr. —— at long dates, for thirty pounds each; one of which a gentleman at Dover cashed for me, in two instal-

ments, which just enabled me to see this year out in tolerable comfort.

My sojourn on the Continent opened up to me a world of interest. It was an intellectual new birth. Every day and hour imparted fresh mental topics for thought and reflection. My own narrowness of mind and confined literary sympathies were ever before my eyes, and while they depressed they yet stimulated me to overcome, if possible, my shortcomings and prejudices. I shall never forget the lively sentiments of delight I felt in this new struggle ; and I laboured almost night and day without experiencing the slightest symptoms of weariness or exhaustion.

I gave a methodical arrangement to my reading and study. I had note-books for separate topics, chiefly mental philosophy, moral philosophy, logic, and politics. To read for mere amusement seemed, in my case, a decided waste of time.

After running through the public libraries of Calais, Boulogne, St. Omer, Dunkirk, Amiens, and Lille, I purposed going north. In all these places I found the librarians well informed, and extremely anxious to aid and assist all readers who had any special subject in hand on which information was required. The classified catalogues in general use were singularly useful, as I could in a comparatively short space of

time learn everything in the library on certain specific subjects. This was an advantage that I never could find in my own country.

I became acquainted with several distinguished men in France, Belgium, and Germany. Among the number was M. Octave Delpierre, now Belgian Consul for London, a gentleman of extensive knowledge, and of the most genial and friendly disposition. He was librarian of the public library of Bruges. He is well-known on the Continent and in England for his varied literary tastes and acquirements.

Baron Reiffenberg was considered one of the most learned men in Belgium when I was there. I sent him a copy of my "Essay on Logic," to which he sent the following acknowledgment, written in English by his own hand :—

SIR,—

It is some hours ago that I have received the logical treatise which you honoured me with, and I have already nearly read it through. *Accepi, legi, probavi.*

This present is extremely dear to me, and though I have given myself up now to other studies, yet it will afford me a lively interest to see a man of your merit who throws a light upon the philosophical sciences. Your logic is an excellent *r  sum  *, clear throughout, and full of erudition, and I shall look forward with the utmost impatience for your larger work on the "History of Philosophy." Sir, I shall be most happy to

make your personal acquaintance when you make a stay in Bruxelles, and to give you a proof of the high esteem with which

I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,
BARON REIFFENBERG.

A little before the time I knew the Baron, with whom I had many interesting conversations, he had fallen under the lash of the satirical writers of his country, on account of a singular and well-planned hoax that had been practised on himself and many of the *literati* of the north of Europe. Some years after, I wrote for the *Athenaeum* an account of this hoax, principally from facts furnished me by my friend M. Delpierre, Belgian Consul for London. The following is an abridgment of the article in question:—

A BIBLIOGRAPHIC HOAX.

Literature has her freaks, follies, and impositions,—like every other department of human action and speculation. Considering, however, the peculiar nature of literary pursuits, the wonder is that we find so few attempts to delude—under any guise or from the impulse of any motives. The more or less of immorality involved in the literary hoax, as in all others, will of course depend on the inducing motive—though the morality can in no case be defended. But waiving that question for the present—as one of the most successful literary hoaxes of very recent times is not, we think, well known in this country, it will doubtless amuse our readers to be made acquainted with the particulars. One source of

the amusement which these offer consists in the fact that they present the conjuror in the act of, consciously or unconsciously, discrediting his proper spells—exhibit a bibliographer of distinction and supposed zeal sneering at bibliography!

One day, some five or six years ago, a certain number of the most eminent book collectors and lovers of ancient literature in Belgium received a Catalogue, announcing that on the 10th of August there would be sold by auction, at Binche, near Mons, in Hainault, the very extraordinary and unique library belonging to the old Count de Fortsas. The Catalogue was preceded by an Introduction, in which it was stated that the peculiar mania of the deceased count was, never to admit a single volume into his collection of books which had been mentioned by any other bibliographer; and that whenever he learned that a work which he possessed had been so mentioned, such work was doomed for sale at any price. The Introduction proceeded to state many details respecting the Count de Fortsas; his family connections, his country residence, his last illness, the day of his death, &c. —all put in so plausible a form as to attach every apparent authenticity to the Catalogue. The books themselves were admirably hit off in the way of description:—the several titles being skilfully adapted to the individual peculiarities of eminent collectors, so as to vary the snare. Bibliographical notes explained how the various works enumerated had escaped the notice of the most laborious and painstaking connoisseurs,—the circumstances connected with the publication of each—the number of copies originally printed,—and such other facts as were assumed to constitute the present elements of the respective historical value. All these things

were stated with an air of verisimilitude that completely succeeded in entrapping the mass of bibliographers throughout the kingdom. Expectation was at a high pitch; and each amateur looked forward to this extraordinary sale with an interest that counted on making the acquisition of some rare, and to him especially seductive, production of the press.

The Librarian of the Royal Library at Brussels, Baron de Reiffenberg—a book connoisseur of the first order—addressed a special request to the Minister of the Home Department for an allowance of money, to purchase a certain number of the works, whose acquisition was, it was affirmed, of great importance to the Royal collection. The grant was readily made. It happened that Castian, a well-known bookseller of Lille, on his way to the town where the sale was to take place, called on the printer Casterman, at Tournay, and requested some information respecting a book mentioned in the catalogue, and which he wished to purchase. The work was one which was said to point indirectly and prophetically to the Belgian Revolution of 1830. M. Casterman answered that so many years had elapsed since the date assigned to the work, that he could not give any positive information on the subject; but he would refer to his foreman. The treatise was No. 142 in the catalogue, and the title ran thus: “Causes qui doivent infailliblement amener la Dissolution du Royaume des Pays-Bas—tel que l'ont fait le traités de 1814 et 1815. In 8vo. 89 pages.” Deceived by the memory of some similar title, the foreman unhesitatingly replied that he had printed the work in 1829—and knew the author of it to be M. Charles Lecocq. This was, of course, confirmation to M. Castian, had he doubted that all was right. It is amusing that M. de Gerlache, President of the Royal Academy at

Brussels, was so far taken in, that he actually denied some of the works in the catalogue to be unique, affirming that he possessed copies in his library.

The amateurs were now bending their steps from various parts of the kingdom towards the town where the sale was to take place :—but matters were fast coming to an unexpected crisis. Six or eight of the most zealous of the Belgian book-worms met nearly at one time in the town of Binche; and, as chance would have it, one of the number suggested that they should call on the notary to inquire in what way the sale would be effected, and be satisfied as to other little matters of professional detail. Alas! the poor notary was perfectly amazed when the party communicated the matter to him. He knew nothing of any such sale—knew nothing of a Count Fortsas—and there never was any such castle as that described in the Introduction to the catalogue! The trick was blown; and it was finally found to have been the invention of M. Chalons, President of the Society of Bibliographers at Mons. The descriptions of works in the Catalogue and bibliographical notes were mere fabrications for the purpose of hoaxing the collectors of curious books!

The mortification of the amateurs was, of course, great—but they wisely resolved that if possible the world should not know it; and the hoax would in all probability have passed off without exciting general attention but for the Baron de Reiffenberg's share in the matter. Unfortunately, he had obtained a sum of public money for the purchase of rarities, as we have said; and he was obliged to go back to the minister, return the money, and confess that he and others had been duped. This raised the laugh against the *savans* throughout the public offices, and the matter could

no longer be kept a secret. We may mention that amongst those bibliographers who allowed themselves to be imposed on by the catalogue was Charles Nodier;—who afterwards declared that he never heard of a better-planned hoax.

In 1843 I visited Paris for the first time. I shall here insert a few notes I made at the date of the visit, as to some of the writers of this emporium of fashion.

To the literary foreigner, Paris is a most interesting city. The number and extent of her public libraries, the profusion of literary curiosities, and the activity and zeal of her authors, tend to keep alive that enthusiastic ardour for letters which would most certainly languish and die but for such frequent and powerful stimulants. To an ordinary traveller, who is concerned only with the *material* of the city and its pleasant environs, the capital of France may be sufficiently conned over in a few days; but not so to the literary man. He requires more time to know the mind of Paris. It is varied, scattered in many directions, and composed of numerous heterogeneous elements. A man must be well introduced, and well acquainted with the general current of literature elsewhere, before he is qualified to appreciate the value and extent of the French intellect and acquirements. When, however, he gets once fairly amongst the magic

circle, his movements are easy and agreeable. An Englishman, for instance, will find greater facilities for remark and investigation than among learned people in his own country. There are few restraints upon intercourse, and more of what an ardent and poetical mind would figure to itself to be connected with the social and friendly movements of a *republic of letters*.

After having taken a few days ramble about the city and in its public buildings, I began to look over my letters of introduction. These I delivered with all speed, and found they were generally full of promise. The first entrance I made among the learned, was to a somewhat remarkable personage, with whom I became acquainted during my stay in the French capital. It is M. Barrois, No. 6, Rue des Pyramides ; a literary gentleman well-known in Paris, both for the singularity of his undertakings, and the ardour and disinterestedness with which he prosecutes them. M. Barrois was not long ago one of the members of the Chambers of Deputies for the Département du Nord, and he is now a member of the French Academy. It was his connection with this last body of literary men which gave rise to that singular project in which he has been for several years actively engaged, and of which we shall make some mention to the reader.

About four or five years ago M. Barrois read a paper to the members of the Academy, in which he affirmed that the Emperor Charlemagne invented a complete *alphabet*, taught it to his friends and courtiers, and carried on a constant intercourse with them, through its instrumentality, on all important State affairs. This alphabet was composed of the ten fingers of the hand, and in its leading features resembled many of those in use in public and private seminaries for the especial instruction of the deaf and dumb. Whether there had been anything grotesque in M. Barrois's manner of communicating this curious piece of historical information to this august assembly of *savants*, or whether a morbid feeling of jealousy and envy had been somehow created against him, certain it is that the communication in question was received with a great deal of ironical mirth; and some members pointedly declared their belief that the whole statement was a complete delusion and a hoax, that Charlemagne never invented, or ever used such an alphabet; nor was there a particle of authentic historical evidence on which such a statement could be founded.

It is almost needless to say that the literary pride of the ex-deputy was most grievously wounded at this contemptuous and sceptical conduct of the learned

academicians. On the spur of the moment he retorted upon them in the best manner he could. He told them that he was in a position to prove the historical fact by the most incontrovertible evidence; but from what had just transpired he would never trouble them more with a single word upon the subject; that he would make his appeal to the literary public in France in a more full and formal statement; and that he had not the slightest doubt but he would succeed in establishing the truth of what he had that day announced to the Academy.

From this moment M. Barrois took his resolve. He threw his whole mind, body, and fortune into the cause he had adopted. Being possessed of a very handsome fortune, and living economically, though in every respect as a French gentleman ought to do, he immediately began to form a rare and expensive collection of everything connected with the early history of European civilization, but particularly with matters relative to the life and times of Charlemagne. There was not a library or literary dépôt in Europe which was not ransacked for documents and manuscripts connected with the foundation of the French monarchy, and more especially with every matter directly or indirectly concerned with the public and private movements of Charlemagne and his immediate

descendants. The author's own labours were great ; but, in addition, he procured the assistance of three other literary gentlemen whose skill in collecting and copying manuscripts he remunerated in the most handsome manner. About eighteen months ago the result of this united undertaking was considerably advanced towards completion ; and the sum expended on the forthcoming historical work, up to this period, including numerous and expensive engravings, amounted to nearly £5000. What I have seen of the work I am fully persuaded that M. Barrois has made out his case, and has fully established the curious fact, that Charlemagne used a language of signs among his political agents and courtiers with which none but themselves were acquainted, and of the applications of which, after the demise of the royal inventor, we have scarcely any traces whatever. Among the many historical proofs M. Barrois has furnished, none gave him more pleasure than the discovery that upon the back of the Bible of the Englishman Alcuin, who was the private secretary and friend of the Emperor, and which is preserved in the British Museum, there is a figure of two fingers crossing each other. The indefatigable academician sent a gentleman to England to ascertain this fact, and to make a correct drawing of this unique relic of antiquity, for the purpose of

embellishing his work, and of adding another strong presumptive proof to the truth of his theory.

Whatever may be the opinion of the literary men of France or of Europe generally as to the abstract value or importance of this discovery relative to the alphabet in question, certain it is that we must give our meed of praise to the spirit and disinterestedness which M. Barrois has evinced in conducting his historical researches. And to judge of the real value of these, we are not to look exclusively at the chief end which the laborious historian has in view, but to the indirect advantages which must accrue to literature generally from the multitude of manuscripts and literary documents which he has obtained in the course of his labours, even on matters not immediately connected with the main object he wishes to establish. It must be borne in mind that he is daily labouring in a region comparatively unknown to even the most zealous and plodding historians, and out of which the enterprising genius of the present age has scarcely been able to procure any documents capable of throwing additional light on a period of history embracing several centuries, and which has long been justly considered as the darkest in the public and private annals of the human family. In this point of view M. Barrois commands our respect and gratitude. His

collection of rare books and manuscripts is the most interesting and valuable in existence. They have cost him more than £30,000, and many of them rival, if they do not surpass, any literary treasures in the most distinguished public and private libraries in Europe. Among the number, it may be mentioned, is a manuscript copy of the Gospels, of surpassing accuracy and beauty ; and there is also in his collection a work in four volumes folio relative to the early history of France, of which there is not known to be another copy in existence. This valuable book was purchased of Mr. Pickering, of London, for something little short of £400.

It may also be mentioned that M. Barrois has never evinced, like too many gentlemen devoted to bibliographical studies, any desire to keep his treasures to himself. On the contrary, he has been very generous in communicating them to the public at large, by reprinting some of them from time to time at his own expense. He has already published, with facsimiles of the orginals, four or five very curious works, which rank among the finest specimens of the Paris press.

This singular and valuable collection of literary gems is always open to the inspection of all foreigners who have respectable introductions. The owner feels

a particular pleasure in receiving visits from intelligent strangers.

M. Barrois is about sixty years of age, and of rather a tall and bulky make. He is affable, generous, polite, and communicative. His hobby is Charlemagne and his alphabet; but he can converse, and much to the purpose, too, on many other literary and historical topics of general interest. He is very far from a man with only one idea. He has a château in the neighbourhood of Paris, at which he resides the summer months, and where many of the *literati* of the French metropolis enjoy his company and hospitality. During my sojourn in the capital I heard many acts of benevolence recorded of him towards men of letters involved in temporary difficulties; and however many of his rivals may sneer at his personal vanity, or at the misapplication of his labours and fortune, there is ample evidence to show that he possesses a kind and feeling heart, and a purse always open for the relief of literary indigence and misfortune.

As M. Barrois is not reckoned one of the lions of Paris, and as it is particularly that which the English public like to have some account of, I shall make a retrograde movement to those fashionable authors whose names occupy a considerable portion of Parisian gossip. Among those who enjoy the

pleasures of present fame and notoriety, very desirable things in themselves, and particularly grateful to the French palate, is M. Henri Berthoud. He fills a prominent station in French literature. He was the first who commenced what is called *La Litterature Pittoresque*, by the establishment of a sort of *Penny Magazine*, under the title of *Musée de Famille*. This, we believe, has formed a tolerably lucrative speculation ; and as far as our observation of the many leading articles which have appeared in it goes, we think there is no small degree of credit due to the projector of the work. Since its first appearance seven or eight other publications of the same nature have been started ; and though they have not all realized, individually, the profit of the first undertaking, yet we know that three or four of them have left a fair remunerating balance in the hands of their authors and publishers.

M. Henri Berthoud is less known in England than in many other countries on the Continent, where he enjoys a widely-spread reputation. He is a very handsome man, of about forty years of age, pale, bald, with a dark beard, well and fashionably dressed, and always appears in kid gloves of a regular *skin fit*. He has published twelve or fourteen volumes of novels principally descriptive of the history and manners of

the north of France. In all these compositions M. Berthoud has displayed a thorough knowledge of history, a most fertile and vigorous imagination, and, what is an indispensable quality in all novel writers, a profound acquaintance with human nature.

Another author fell in my way, who is known in his periodical pamphlet by the title of "La Némésis." He has accomplished two things not indifferent in any country, but pretty sure stepping-stones in France, to honour and fame; he has excited the fears of the Government and published several good poems. Among the number we may mention "Napoléon en Egypte," a work not much known in England, but which is read everywhere on the Continent. This gentleman is about forty-nine years of age, very ugly, but with so much intelligence beaming through a face, moulded in one of Nature's most niggardly moments, that one insensibly forgets the plainness of the exterior in listening to his witty speeches and dry and cutting humour. Nobody can be better fitted to charm a whole company than he is. His *bon mots* are not only good and very striking in themselves, but they are made irresistibly interesting by the habit of seriousness the utterer of them constantly preserves, even under the most trying circumstances. This makes his drollery very fascinating, not only to strangers but to

everyday companions. I was one day just upon the point of addressing him, when we were met by M. Jules Janin, accompanied by a very handsome lady. After we had all mutually exchanged a few words on the current topics of the moment, a carriage drove up to take the lady away. M. Janin, without gloves, with nankeen pantaloons hardly reaching down to his ankles, and a stick in his hand, conducted her with great politeness into the carriage. My curiosity was excited to know who this fair lady was. In a short time I got to learn she was no less a personage than the Marquise de la C——, daughter of a French sculptor of considerable reputation.

I observed that this author was generally accompanied in his walks *au Palais Royal*, by five or six young men, who, I was told, were literary apprentices to him to acquire a knowledge of the literary craft. I could not refrain from expressing my astonishment at this designation, and upon more close inquiry I found that in Paris almost every well-known literary man has a set of young pupils around him, who enter with enthusiasm into all his opinions and sentiments, forming, in fact, a class of literary courtiers, full of the most perfect devotion to their respective patrons. These in turn introduce the striplings to editors and reviewers, in order that their unfledged articles may be

ushered into public notice under the avowed patronage of popular and well-known writers.

One of the most independent literary men in Paris is Paul Lacroix, better known under the name of *Bibliophile Jacob*. He is a man of plain, unaffected manners, and who enjoys a popular name, both from his great learning in Middle Age literature, and his uncommon facility in composition. He can write two or three good-sized volumes in a month, although he has never been able to make anything like an independent fortune by this great exercise and skill of his pen. Whenever a novel writer in Paris is in want of some information relative to the customs, manners, and institutions of what are called the *Dark Ages*, he goes forthwith to Paul Lacroix. He is a walking library of erudition, and is as completely *au fait* with this department of literature as ever Sir Walter Scott was in his knowledge of the history and customs of his dear Caledonia.

I do not know a pleasanter mode of spending an evening in Paris, to a man of literary taste, than to obtain an introduction to some of those domesticated authors or authoresses, who, even in this gay metropolis, are to be found pretty abundant, with some little diligence in looking after them. Here there is everything to satisfy a rational mind. You have

pleasant, easy chit-chat, the most decorous politeness, and a fund of information and a gaiety of spirit which produce an agreeable excitement over everybody around you. To my taste—and every man has his own taste in this particular—I found the French character infinitely more interesting than when seen in the hurry-scurry of public life, or in places of fashionable amusement. All the more tranquil and amiable virtues seem to brighten up in the national character when developed in a domestic atmosphere. The rays of genius are tempered of their heat and fierceness by passing through the medium of social amenities and mutual good offices of kindness and friendship.

While I was in Paris I had the good fortune to spend many evenings in private parties of this kind ; and now they afford me, when I cast a retrospective glance over them, a source of unalloyed pleasure and mental satisfaction. Never did I meet with cold indifference or stilted formality. Everything was candid, honest, conciliatory, friendly, and intelligent. I have met in this manner some of the most agreeable and well-informed gentlemen and female authors in the metropolis. I shall give some account of these at a future date.

In the meantime I cannot refrain from noticing at present several interesting evening visits I paid to a

most accomplished French lady and authoress, who, however, keeps her name for the present from the public eye. The lady in question is the Countess De Ludre. She has written a very profound and clever work on "Philosophy considered in Relation to Catholicism." The fair authoress is quite at home on the most abstract and recondite topics. Her knowledge of English, German, Italian, and *Spanish* literature is varied and extensive, and the methodical arrangement of her knowledge renders her use of it pleasant and profitable to her hearers. With all this information and talent, calculated to turn the head of many pretty women, we see combined the most genuine simplicity of character, a vigilant attention to all domestic duties, and the feelings and sentiments of a pious disposition. It was to me singularly agreeable to witness the lively interest which the Count, her husband, always displays in her studies and literary enterprises. He doats upon her as if there were not such another woman in existence.

To say the truth, not many men have such good grounds for passionate admiration. It must be remarked here, for the edification of the general reader, that the Countess De Ludre belongs to a class of writers whose aim is to strengthen the main bulwarks of Catholicism by means of appliances from philosophy.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the object in view, certain it is that great talent has been displayed within the last forty years by all the authors, male and female, belonging to the school of philosophical divinity.

I became acquainted, through Gioberti, with Count Tesenzio Mamiani, then a fugitive in Paris from Italy, now (1871) one of the most able and influential public men of Rome, and President of the Italian Senate. He has a philosophic mind of the most comprehensive and penetrating cast. He was the present Pope's bosom friend, before the latter ascended the Pontificate ; and Mamiani stood in the same relation to the late Count Cavour. I well remember when talking of the movements of the Catholic Church, Mamiani said, “ That the present policy of the Papacy produced three things : *superstition* among the poor and ignorant ; *indifference* among the middle class ; and *infidelity* among the highest orders of society.”

Through the interest and kind offices of the Countess Du Ludre, I had an introduction to his Majesty King Louis Philippe. The English tutor to his sons introduced me. I felt a little of the *emotional*, as I had never been face to face with a King before. His Majesty received me with much apparent cordiality. I explained the object of my visit—to solicit the patronage of my forthcoming work on “ Philosophy.” “ Cer-

tainly," said the King ; " I have always been much interested in, and attached to, philosophical disquisitions. Do you treat of the recent German speculations ?" I replied in the affirmative. " Well," said his Majesty, " they are very abstruse, and I think in some cases very unintelligible ; but I never entered very far into the matter." I made a move to retire, and the King shook me kindly by the hand, and bade me good-day. His pronunciation of English was quite perfect. Two or three months after there was an order sent to the Messrs. Rothschilds, in London, to pay me three times the amount of my book. I little thought that about five or six years later the poor King had to lay down his sceptre and flee to England for his life !

The tutor's name, I think, was Courteney ; and he told me many interesting anecdotes about his Majesty. He was in the constant habit of sitting up, in his private room, till three or four o'clock in the morning, and took upon himself nearly all the most weighty affairs of government. He made his sons sleep on straw mattresses, and he commanded them to pay the utmost attention to the living languages. The King often remarked to Mr. Courteney, " that he did not know what his children might need in passing through life." It would seem as if he had seen, at no great distance, the storm that was to overwhelm himself and family.

I had the pleasure of many interviews with Victor Cousin, one of the most able and distinguished philosophers of France. He had perused my outlines of the "History of Philosophy," and highly approved of them. He was full of instruction on the general cultivation of mental philosophy in Europe, and particularly of that of Germany, to which he had paid great attention of recent years. But the *political* philosophy of this country he held in great contempt; and more than once descended on his imprisonment for six months, by the Prussian authorities, on the plea that he was in league with the Italian Carbonari. Cousin remarked, "that nothing better could be expected from the governors of a nation whose entire policy rested on the principle of the 'divine right of Kings.'"

I had, about this period, several personal interviews with Lady Mary Shepherd, who had written, some years before, on metaphysical topics, with no inconsiderable portion of credit to herself. She was, without exception, the most eloquent female talker I ever met with. Her lengthened sentences, uttered with great distinction, were quite stunning, and filled one with amazement at the subtlety of her mind. Most of those readers acquainted with the philosophy of the early part of the present century know that the

speculations about “Cause and Effect” were very prominent at most of our seats of learning at this period. They were quite rampant over the northern parts of Britain. Every young man who came from the Universities of Scotland attempted to show off his subtlety and academic lore by denying there was any real causation in the world; all was mere imagination and a piece of gross vulgar credulity. Her ladyship threw herself into the general controversy, determined to do her utmost to check these illogical and dangerous opinions.*

I shall take the liberty of inserting a letter, from among others received from her, relative to her motives for entering into this abstract discussion.

Cromaley Park, Henley-on-Thames,
May 26, 1843.

DEAR SIR,—

I feel very much flattered by your letter containing a prospectus of your interesting forthcoming work; but through weakness and indisposition I could not find energy enough to answer it as I could wish. Nor do I feel very well able to do so now.

The Essay on “Cause and Effect” is now entirely out of print; insomuch that Dr. Forster returned me his copy for a reprint. The ideas there advanced are the foundation of all sound philosophy. This copy I lent to a gentleman, who, I

* See her methods of treatment in Dr. Blakey’s “History of Philosophy,” vol. iv. p. 41.

understand, has returned it to Mr. Shepherd, in Hyde Park Terrace. I have requested him to have it made into a parcel and sent to you.

This "Essay" and that on "Final Causes," together with that on "Single and Double Vision," are the three whose secret principle, I think, you will not find in any other authors named in your prospectus. They confute modern Atheism, founded, as it is, upon fallacious inferences, from Locke, Newton, Hume, and Berkeley. For unless there be a *cause*, there exists no first, essential, or necessary *cause*. Unless *final causes* are *physical efficients*, they could not operate, unless upon every theory of the mind. The fact of single and double vision cannot be explained consistently with any theory, and as being deducible from the general laws of causation. Such a theory is *null*, for two reasons; therefore, I encourage myself to hope for the future success and prevalence of my own notions. Firstly, for truth's sake, which is the Word of God; secondly, for God's sake, because Atheists, more than all others, are feeling after Him, but cannot find Him, as ever existing, though invisible. To do this must be an honourable calling, and one which may prove successful whether I know it or not.

I should wish, therefore, my name were mentioned in your prospectus. I conceive there can be little doubt but that the Essay on "Cause and Effect" made a decided impression on the Edinburgh School. When I first married, about thirty years ago, every ambitious student piqued himself on maintaining there was no such thing as Cause and Effect. It was one of that school—but one wiser and better informed—that, on reading my Essay, was startled by the discovery, he was pleased to say, I had made, as to the

reality and attributes of *Causation*. But through indisposition, I am scarcely able to discuss this greatest of all subjects which can occupy the spirit of man.

I am, yours respectfully,

MARY SHEPHERD.

R. Blakey, Esq.

In one of my visits to Paris, chiefly for the purpose of obtaining materials for my "Lives of the Christian Hermits of the Desert," I was introduced to Count Chateaubriand, a man famous in French literature and politics. On intimating to him the kind of information of which I was in search, he readily gave me the names of several works, which I found in the Royal Library in the Rue de Richelieu. These I afterwards consulted, but did not find them so profitable as I expected. He spoke highly of the English nation, and said he had early in life been the recipient of their hospitality and benevolence, the remembrance of which would ever be gratefully cherished. In alluding to his "Travels in the East," and his other able work on the "Genius of Christianity," he brightened up considerably, and I had to listen for more than an hour on the general nature and merits of these popular works. After he finished he seemed a little exhausted but he still made renewed efforts to give me an outline

of what he purposed telling the world in his "Memoirs," which he hoped to finish ere he died. His vanity was great; but, in fairness, we should bear in mind that he had much to be proud of. He spoke bitterly of the then system of Government in France, and predicted it would not last many years; a prediction which was fearfully realized, not long after, when just quitting this earthly scene.

The Abbé Lamennais was a man of great reputation at this time in Paris; and, indeed, was well-known over the whole of the civilised world. He had recently fallen under the ban of the High Catholic party, by his formal and recent renunciation of the Dogmas of the Church, for which he battled so many years with singular ability and power. He was unquestionably a man of great intellectual attainments and acuteness. I had the pleasure of dining with him on several occasions, and I have now the most vivid recollection of his conversation, particularly relative to theology and politics. These two divisions of human knowledge seemed to occupy the whole powers of his mind. "There is no foundation," said he, "for even a remnant of human knowledge, without we take the existence of a Deity as a first principle." In speaking generally of *people*, he said, "In

every country, all those who labour, and who suffer, in order to diffuse commodities—all those whose action promotes the benefit of the whole community, the class the most required for self-preservation—these constitute the *people*. Except a small fraction of privileged persons, sunk in selfish enjoyment, the *people* is the human race. Without them there could be no prosperity, no progress, no life; for it is the constitution of things that labour is the foundation of society, and the destiny of every *people*."

The change in religious sentiment and worship struck me very forcibly in mingling with French society, particularly as I had been strictly brought up in Presbyterian doctrine and ritual. This change almost bewildered me at first sight. I had never been in a Roman Catholic Church before, and everything in it was quite novel to me. As I dived into the matter a little more, my ideas assumed some degree of coherence, if not of truthfulness. I jotted down my notions, perhaps somewhat at random, but the substance of them has some bearing on the everyday discussions of the hour. The reader will, I trust, excuse them, though penned upwards of thirty years ago, but never intended for publication.

"We beg to allude here to a subject which must strike every Continental traveller from a Protestant

country with some degree of surprise. We allude to the universal obtrusion of the sacred emblems of the Christian faith, which the Church of Rome commands, whenever its authority is generally recognized and felt. This strikes the stranger in every movement, in every hour of the day, in every possible circumstance of human existence. The Church is ever watchful, ever at her post; she slumbers not nor sleeps. She imprints her character upon everything which surrounds her. No movement in social, domestic, or private life, is made beyond the pale of her presence. In the cathedral, the churches, the hotels, the cafés, the cabaries, the chateaux, and in the cottage; by the highway, by the lanes, by the footpaths; on the most splendid, as well as on the commonest articles of furniture, we see the Cross (sad emblem of a fearful tragedy) engraven, painted, or cut out in stone or wood, to remind every class of society, and every individual of each class, of a future state of existence and human accountability. The ceremonial observances of Catholicism are ever brought before the attention of the people. In health and sickness, in prosperity and adversity, in labour and rest, in duty and recreation, in joy and sorrow, religious forms are ever present, to inspire obedience, assuage affliction, or stimulate to hope. The glass coral given to the

sucking infant to help to cut its first teeth, the toys of youth, the instruments of the sports and pastimes of manhood, the mirror in which the young maiden daily views her own image, the corkscrew which unlocks the delicious juice of the grape, and the punch-bowl ladle, responded to by merry hearts, must all be impressed with the crucifix, or the pensive musings of the Holy Virgin. All this seems singular at first sight ; but it is indicative of two important forms of Christian faith and worship, and of two distinct principles of human nature, on which these forms rest.

“ Now, it has been one of the great questions since the foundation of Christianity, What portion of ceremonial observance, and emblematical representation, should be permanently incorporated into the spiritual doctrines of the Church ? This question has received different answers at different periods ; and it is a question which is, even now, absorbing a great deal of attention of the Christian community. The Catholic Church says that there must be a good portion of ceremony in order to bring spiritual truths home to the hearts of mankind ; while the Protestant Church insists that this is not requisite, for that all that is valuable in the Christian dispensation must be spiritually discerned ; and that too much ceremony draws the attention of mankind from that which should be

intellectually felt and perceived. This is the state of the case. Some employ a larger portion of ceremony, and some a smaller; and this is one among many other distinctions, which divides and characterises various religious bodies of men from each other. The Presbyterian differs widely, on this ground, from the Episcopalian Church, and both from the Roman Catholic. It would seem that this is a question which, from its very nature, can never be finally settled. Christianity does not profess to effect an entire change in human nature; it only directs its energies and powers into new and more ennobling channels. It is this nature which the teacher of Christianity has to labour upon, but not to subvert or uproot. The mind of man can only be operated on through his bodily senses; and hence it is that Christianity must needs be a system grounded upon certain visible and external institutions and ordinances. These are outward symbols of internal spiritual feelings and emotions. Here a wide door is opened for differences of opinion and practice. All Christians employ ceremony ostensibly with a view of effecting a spiritual end; but then the danger is, that this system of ritual observances may, in some cases, be so complicated and overloaded as to defeat the grand end proposed. And herein lies the substance of nine-tenths of all the con-

troversies in the religious world. These do not, as many are apt to imagine, arise from a mere love of novelty or contention ; but they spring from the very constitution of men, and that system of revealed truth which has been sent for their especial guidance and instruction. To lay down any general rule where ceremony should end, and spiritual contemplation commence, is impossible. The only principle to guide us in this case is, that ceremonial observances should not be so multiplied, nor of such a character, as to run into absurdity, or excite ridicule or contempt. Everything which has a tendency to produce these effects is detrimental to all rational devotion. Perhaps if all Christian communities were to show a little more indulgence to one another, in respect to matters of mere form, the real and vital interests of religion would be strengthened and promoted.

“ We have ventured to make these few casual remarks, from seeing in every direction in France and Belgium religious emblems and ceremonies, as we have wandered by the river’s solitary banks, or threaded our way through the dense population of large cities. In some cases, feelings of holy joy and tranquillity have been inspired by the holy emblems of our faith ; and in others, those bordering upon ridicule and contempt. Without intending to speak dog-

matically on the subject, or to wound the feelings of any religious party, we still venture to say that these two opposite emotions predominate in the breasts of all Protestant travellers when they sojourn in Catholic countries."

CHAPTER VI.

FROM 1844 TO 1848.

My prospects at the commencement of 1845 were rather gloomy, on account of my want of regular remittances from Mr. Harris. I wandered many hours every day around the fortifications of St. Omer, pondering on schemes for a livelihood; which were often no sooner broached than they became like—

“The snow dropp'd in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.”

However, when just *in extremis*, some temporary assistance was obtained from another and rather novel channel into which my scribbling habits were directed.

An Irish barrister and an Episcopalian clergyman sought and obtained my acquaintanceship. They were both passionately fond—nay, I might almost say mad on angling. Neither of them knew even the very rudiments of it; for neither of the professional persons had ever killed a trout with fly in their lives. Finding I had been a keen disciple of the “gentle craft” for many years, it was proposed that

we should all three join in a fishing excursion over Belgium and France, and that I should write a book on the subject.

It is scarcely possible for any one, except he has been on the Continent, and observed the state of mind and feeling which commonly prevails among British residents there, to form an idea of the very trifling matters which engross the undivided attention of even intelligent men, and of the stock of earnestness and enthusiasm which they throw into pursuits and objects of a comparatively puerile and infantile character. The mind, except where it is necessarily and powerfully engaged on something of real importance, becomes quite imbecile in its habits and modes of seeking and possessing amusement and relaxation. Something like second childhood steals over even minds of a robust and vigorous order, and induces them to enter into matters with a degree of zest and feeling immeasurably disproportioned to their intrinsic value and worth. It is not, perhaps, difficult to account for this; seeing that such persons are suddenly thrown into a kind of social and domestic life altogether foreign to their active habits and modes of thinking, and the sources of amusement being both limited and little relished, they gradually yield themselves up to any passing scheme of excitement which promises to

beguile away a few hours which hang heavily on their hands.

My two new acquaintances partook of this immoderate enthusiasm to a positively laughable degree. The brilliant thought was no sooner out of the mouth than it became in an instant what the French call *un fait accompli*. The Irish barrister eagerly claimed the honour of its paternity, which was as vehemently and stoutly contested by the parson—a controversy which lasted for some days, and afforded me no small degree of amusement. The great point, however, was at the outset, *Would I undertake to write the book?* To this I replied, that I should do so with pleasure, only I had not at the moment the pecuniary means to go and travel through the remote parts of France in search of information. This objection was soon removed by the barrister, through the private suggestions of the clergyman, instantly bringing me *four hundred francs* in a leather bag, and throwing them on my table, accompanied with the expression, “Here, my good sir, take these for the present, for which I require no written acknowledgment; nor shall I ever demand of you what you do with them.” This, I own, proved, in my present circumstances, a powerful argument for entering zealously into the new project. In a few days I drew up the outlines of the contem-

plated work, which were so highly applauded that I was immediately—that is to say, the self-same day—hurried off to Paris, a distance of 160 miles, in order to contract for plates to embellish the forthcoming production in a style and manner every way worthy of its anticipated piscatory and literary merits.

At this preliminary step of the business it was agreed that the work should be published under a single fictitious name. I suggested that if all our three real signatures were appended they would have more weight; but this was promptly negatived by both parties, neither of whom had ever “rushed into print,” and who both entertained a mortal horror of the “critics.” In this they had, perhaps, displayed as much good sense and discretion as in many other actions of their lives. “These critics,” said the parson, “take a delight in making mincemeat of every poor fellow they meet with. I shall take pretty good care to steer clear of their clutches. No, no; an angling clergyman would prove quite a dainty to these vituperous rascals.”

All was now warm and bright sunshine. I gave a favourable account of my Parisian expedition; and the only thing required was fine weather to get under way in our peregrinations throughout the northern parts of France. I found, when I came home from Paris,

that my friend the barrister had by no means been idle during my short sojourn. He had equipped himself from top to toe for a long and arduous journey on the banks of the Meuse and the "blue Moselle." He had procured a knapsack; a leather belt to hold his gold and five-franc pieces; his fishing-tackle had been put into complete and natty order; a pair of waterproof boots had been provided; and, in fact, everything had been carefully thought about which could contribute to the outward comfort of the bodily frame. Hours, however, appeared to hang heavily upon him; and every day he registered the weather, and sighed for the eventful moment when he should have the exquisite pleasure of throwing a line on the limpid stream, and dragging a trout on the beach in return. How many a time and oft did he ask me if I thought it possible he would ever be so fortunate as to kill a salmon? As an angler, who hopes everything, I cheered up his drooping spirits, and ventured to prophecy that he would have the inexpressible delight before many weeks passed over his head. The parson was equally bustling and enthusiastic. If not actually fishing, he might be said to be always mending his nets. He had more assurance and self-dependence than the lawyer. We had scarcely entertained the grand project before his lively imagina-

tion had him wandering on the banks of the Meuse, and engaged in slaughtering his creelful daily of the choicest trout and salmon, to the astonishment of all sportsmen who had ever gone there before him. He often jibed the barrister for his want of confidence in his own untutored skill; and many amusing conflicts were day by day carried on as to who would prove the cleverest man, and what shape projects and schemes would assume which still lay embosomed in futurity.

I shall never forget the amusement I derived from some of the movements of the Irish gentleman. He took it into his head that there were no artificial flies worth anything except those of home-make; and he got me engaged to make a gross or two for him. I required, however, the requisite materials—that is, feathers, silk, hooks, &c. All were ready supplied except the first. A choice collection of these were, in his estimation, indispensable. On several Saturdays, which are the great market-days at St. Omer, when the country people for many miles round bring in, among a vast number of other things, large quantities of poultry and birds of all kinds, he was seen taking his early stand at the desired spot in the market, and buying everything that sported a gaudy and brilliant plumage, at prices which induced the country dealers

to consider him anything but a churl. The living purchases were hurried down to his apartments, to which the parson and myself were immediately summoned to pass our opinions on the selection he had made. I soon obtained more feathers than would have served the manufacturers of Limerick and Carlisle for a twelvemonth. His ardour for this new source of amusement about to open upon him made him lose sight altogether of measured quantities; and what would sufficiently stock an angler's fly-making box for many successive seasons could not be, in his mind, represented by a less portion than what would fill a tolerably large sack.

While these freaks and gambols were going on, I was making considerable progress in the composition of my angling book. This helped to cheer both of my coadjutors on in doing the other necessary labour connected with the undertaking—such as finding money, information, &c.

We jogged on a few weeks, but at length the ardour of the lawyer became more tame and subdued, and one morning, very early, I was abruptly aroused out of bed by the parson, who, with great consternation depicted in his countenance, announced the disagreeable intelligence that our Irish colleague had signified the night before that he was to be no longer considered

as one of the party in the speculation of the fishing book, nor could he go with us, except on short daily excursions, on our contemplated angling tours. This sudden change was the result of female influence ; and from a fear, it was alleged, that his *religious* principles and sentiments might be corrupted, for he was just then supposed to be on the eve of a change from Protestantism to Catholicism. It had been considered dangerous that he should be, for any length of time, under Episcopalian and Presbyterian influence. His lady was a zealous and proselytising Catholic, and all his children were being educated in the bosom of the Popish Church ; but he had himself hitherto resisted attempts to induce him openly to join in the ritual observances of that faith. Some of the Catholic clergy had been for some time paying great attention and lending him books to read. As the lawyer spent nearly the whole of the day with the parson and myself, it had been surmised that we neutralized all the wholesome counsel which the priests imparted. Whatever the reason, certain it was that my clerical companion was outrageous at his secession from our scheme of piscatory enlightenment, and poured forth his abuse upon him in no choice or measured terms. I endeavoured to appease him, and to persuade him to let the matter drop, at least for the present.

The most unfortunate circumstance connected with this coolness, was that our friend of the Emerald Isle held the purse-strings of the speculation. I was now obliged to hang upon the skirts of the parson, who had but a very limited annuity to support himself. But as I could not go on writing a book without means, he felt himself obliged to obtain them for me, though not in the most pleasant and agreeable manner. Towards the end of July I had finished the book. He had assisted me with part of it which treats of still-water fishing ; but every part of the Preface, Introduction, the angling for trout and salmon, and the descriptions of the towns and rivers of Belgium and France, I did throughout, without a single suggestion from him. After some little squabbling, arising out of money matters, the result was that the volume made its appearance in London the year following, and was well received. I had granted the clerical gentleman a liberty of printing a thousand copies of the work ; but to have no part of the copyright. This, then, was the origin and progress of my first work on angling ; and I feel somewhat proud of "Palmer Hackle" to this hour. All the critics have spoken highly of the book.

In 1845 I visited Oxford from France, chiefly for the purpose of making inquiries at the Bodleian

Library for books relative to the early Christians of the Desert. But my journey was fruitless on this point. I saw Dr. Pusey there, one of the many lions of this notable seat of learning. It was just a few days after the celebrated Convocation of 1845, which had been called together to consider the doctrines and tenets of Mr. Ward. The doctor is a short man, thin, and somewhat attenuated, has a careworn look, a dim eye, a long and solemn countenance ; and when I saw him, appeared dirty, unshaven, and slovenly in his attire. He approaches nearer to the *beau ideal* of a book-worm than any man I ever met with. There is a great mildness and humility of deportment about him, bordering upon nervousness and timidity ; but beneath this outward shell there is evidently a kernel of ambition, and a love of notoriety. He looked like a man who was conscious he was the object of the public gaze. His conversation is sensible and erudite, but not fluent or animated. As Hebrew Professor, he expounds his views to his students with clearness and order, but without much force or originality of thought. He has a crucifix placed just before him on his desk in his study; and I could not help remarking how well the whole man comported to this prominent emblem of catholicism. His knowledge of metaphysical theology is neither very profound nor well arranged in his

mind; but his great forte lies in an accurate and faithful observance of all matters connected with the tradition and historical movements of the Church. What are called the *essentials* of the Christian system are matters in which he does not feel deeply interested; it is only on those matters which have been considered in modern times, by Christians of almost all grades, as minor matters that his mind loves to dwell. He seems to labour under the notion that he will pick up some valuable fragments of doctrine and discipline, which others have by almost common consent left behind them. As a proof of this, he remarked to me that he did not think that what were called the general doctrines of the universal Church of Christ, were of so much importance as other topics which were left out of the ordinary summary. This was an odd observation. I answered him, by saying that the essential or leading principles of every system, must, from the very nature of things, be of more intrinsic importance than those matters of incidental differences, which diverge from general principles. But he firmly kept to his own opinion on this point. Indeed, it is by his always looking beyond the ordinary historical and doctrinal bulwarks of Christianity that he has made himself notorious.

Dr. Pusey's intellectual character does not comport

with those ideas which we commonly associate with men who are the founders of a mere sect, or the leaders of a party. There is little boldness or enthusiasm in him. He does not throw himself with ardour either into favourite or antagonistic theories. His intellectual genius is cold, phlegmatic, and calculating. It is the growth of long and assiduous cultivation, rather than of native vigour and strength. His mind wants the invariable and characteristic symbol of greatness.

I was introduced by Mr. Eden, of Oriel, to Mr. now Father Newman.

This gentleman bears in his bodily appearance a considerable degree of resemblance to Dr. Pusey. Mr. Newman is a shade taller than the Doctor; but he presents the same general outline of what men of the world call monkish austerity. There is a peacefulness and gentleness of demeanour about Newman, an unobtrusive and humble deportment; a deep sense of religious obligation; a desire to withdraw from everything rude and boisterous, gay and fashionable; an outward visible sign of a constant habit of inward reflection; and a total absence of even the most distant approach to anything like literary arrogance and conceit. He likes to hear everything, but he parts with his own thoughts sparingly. In an ordinary routine of literary intercourse he would be considered but

a very dull and uninteresting person ; but among his own friends, and with a fireside companion, his conversation is instructive and delightful. His peculiar pursuits, his course of reading, his power of inward reflection and discrimination, place him far beyond the reach of the general run of literary men ; and on this account there are but very few qualified to enter into his views, and form a right conception of his character and acquirements. Hence it is that you hear among nearly all his University friends, those who have for years been in perpetual intercourse with him, a desire to exalt his moral and religious deportment and sentiments, at the expense of his intellectual attainments. The fact is, that he shoots over the heads of his academical companions. He displays a power of thought, an acuteness of perception, and a strength of judgment to which they are strangers ; and hence it is that he finds so little intellectual sympathy within the walls of the University of Oxford.

The two works which display most vividly the peculiar caste of mind of Mr. Newman are his "Church of the Fathers," and his "Parochial Discourses." But it is in literature, as in everything else, things are only great or little, according to that with which they are compared. In the Episcopalian Church you would find it very difficult indeed to pro-

duce ten such men as Mr. Newman out of the whole hierarchy, bishops and all. On the other hand, there would be no difficulty of finding twenty times ten out of the body of Dissenting clergy, and the Church of Scotland, who could throw as much mind into the "Fathers," and into "Parochial Sermons," as Mr. Newman has done. But this does not detract one iota from his merits. It only shows us how much of a man's distinction and fame depend often upon incidental circumstances. At the time when the first attempts were made in the direction of Puseyism, the Church of England was in a most lethargic state. She had no evangelical life in her. All her ordinances, her duties, her sentiments, and her devotions, were overshadowed by a formality, the most cold and heartless. This is candidly acknowledged by nine-tenths of her clergy at this moment. Their sermons were characterised by a namby-pamby correctness as to style; they took the common moral duties of life as their daily stock-in-trade; and a running commentary, of fifteen or twenty minutes' length, full of commonplace remarks and observations, on some of the most hackneyed topics of theology, exhausted the inventive powers of the preacher, and lulled to sleep the consciences of his audience. He would no more have thought of disturbing their spiritual security and ease

than he would have thought of committing suicide or murder. This would have been to bring upon him at once the grievous charge of Methodistical fanaticism, or Dissenting declamation. Well, a new order of things comes to pass. Mr. Newman and another or two pull a leaf out of the old Scotch Covenanters, out of John Wesley, and the Nonconformist divines of England. This new mode of preaching and writing on matters of religion of high moment falls upon the ear of the country curate and the comfortable prebend with astonishment. Their first feeling is that of surprise ; then they inquire, and are ultimately led to see something is necessary to infuse a little more activity and life into their pulpit orations and parochial duties. All turn their ears to the place from whence the new and strange sounds proceed ; and find it is Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman rummaging up at Oxford the dusty and ponderous volumes of the ancient Fathers and scholastic divines.

When I saw Mr. Newman he was then residing at his newly-adopted residence at Littlemore, about three miles from Oxford, where his mother had built him a small church, in which he performed worship, both on Sundays and other days of the week. Many persons were in the habit of going from Oxford to hear him. Attached to his house, which was a small indifferent

looking cottage, were several cloisters, in which six or eight young men, under his educational and religious care, pursued their studies. He has a good library, in which the old and mystic divines and ecclesiastic historians occupy a conspicuous place. His manners are retiring and monkish; but among his particular and private friends he is said to be amusing and jocular. I could not but reflect upon the unostentatious plan of his retirement, and the great sensation he was creating in the religious world by his writings. He is certainly the real and influential author of that which goes under the name of "Puseyism." This is a striking example of the pure effects of "mind" when directed towards a single object.

At the end of 1848 I had finished my "Philosophy of Mind." I had dwelt upon it for so many long years, that now, when it was fairly launched into the world and removed from my direct and immediate supervision, I parted with it as with a long and dearly-beloved friend. How it might fare among strangers I could not well conjecture. My own expectations were not very high on the occasion. I thought it a passable performance, and one that would be useful to those who cultivated the science of mind; but beyond this I ventured not to go, because I knew how much superior I could have made it had I had

more space and a little more leisure for its execution. I did feel a kind of solemn awe come over me betimes at my singular boldness in throwing such a work on the public without having ever asked a single person's counsel or advice relative to any part of its arrangements or merits; but when I again reflected how difficult it would have been to obtain any advice which would have been really serviceable, I took courage and consoled myself under the omission.

Many friends have asked me how I came to cultivate philosophy, but I have never been able to satisfy either them or myself on the subject. I had for many years a sort of nebulous conception that a history of moral and metaphysical science would be an object worthy of any man's ambition; but my means of effecting this seemed so scanty, and out of all nature, that in my sober moments I was obliged to refrain from ever thinking on the subject for months together; yet I was not able to banish the matter from my mind. It took a firm hold of my affections, and I could never shake it off my thoughts for any great length of time. I continued making additions to my stock of materials as opportunities presented themselves; but without any very steady and fixed aim. Nevertheless, I had occasions of vivid anticipations of success. The fact is, that most men

have, I believe, very little real knowledge of the operations of their own minds. Thoughts come and go, they know not how, and all efforts to trace their origin or results are ineffectual. All sustained intellectual efforts seem to be the result of a species of inspiration, not easily described or comprehended.

It was a favourite fancy I entertained for many years, that I might some day be able to live in a humble and sequestered cottage, where I could cultivate philosophy, and indulge in all the ravishing theories I had fabricated about the origin of all things, and the sources of all intelligence and power. I was willing to live in the most humble style; not caring one jot about my bodily wants beyond a mere existence. What amount of inward satisfaction this whim afforded me, it is impossible to estimate when it was in full glow of fervour; it was my meat and drink, and the sustainer of my intellectual vigour and activity. Yet how nebulous and shadowy the whole thing appeared! Still, I have no doubt but something analogous forms a part of every man's day-dreams, though modified by external circumstances and conditions of life.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM 1848 TO 1852.

THE publication of my “History” brought me many letters, some flattering, and some critical. I set a great value upon most of them. But the one from Dr. George Croly, the Rector of Walbrook, pleased me most. He was an old acquaintance, and had, moreover, a more profound and accurate knowledge of mental philosophy in all its bearings than any man of his day. He had lived among philosophical and literary books of solid worth all his days ; and no man was better known for his critical skill in London than he was. I shall insert his letter here :—

3, Lansdowne Terrace, London Fields, Hackney,
March 2nd, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I but yesterday, on going into town, received your volumes. From my knowledge of your abilities and their manly and intelligent direction, I was highly gratified by your completion of so important a performance. I have had time only to glance at the Introduction, which I think remarkably clear, spirited, and eloquent, and I have no doubt

ef deriving great interest and instruction from the volumes. I rejoice, too, that you have not shaped your understanding to the advocacy of the German transcendentalism, which appears to me, in general, to be an offshoot of the German infidelity—to be an attempt to transfer into the science of mind the same mixture of presumption and perplexity with which they have dishonoured Scripture. The German seems to me to have no more capacity for *truth* than a drunkard has for soberness. He never tastes the reality of things. He longs for some harsh, hot, and stimulating addition to the natural aliment, which perverts it into a sting and a poison.

I must acknowledge that I cannot indulge in your generous expectations that the Continental philosophy of mind will grow wiser, calmer, or holier. I think that from the general irreligion of the nation, one half sunk in the grossest superstition, and the other half inflamed with the most arrogant scepticism, Germany *must* pass through a long purgation of sorrow and shame, perhaps of fire and sword, before she can be brought to the possession of her senses.

You think better of France; and so do I. France is at once fierce and frivolous, but she is *not* sullen and swinish. She does not love to wallow in falsehood. She neglects Scripture, but she does not brutishly trample it under hoof, and rejoice to think that she has buried it in the mire for ever.

I need not tell a thinker like yourself that *all true* philosophy derives its origin from Revelation, and that when it departs from Scripture as the supreme guide, it becomes the prodigal son indeed, naked and squalid, and with no other food than the food of the unclean animal.

I observe that you advert, and with just regret, to the materialism of Humboldt. He is, no doubt, a man of great literary distinction, but he is only another memorable instance that human pride, intellectual as well as any other, perverts the understanding of man. Materialism is *nonsense*. The peasant knows as well that his mind is different from his arm or his foot, or from the flock that he feeds, or the root that he cultivates, as the most powerful thinker on earth.

As I have not gone beyond your Introduction, I cannot tell whether you have inquired into those half-dozen or more intellectual instincts which God has planted in the mind of all men, as postulates, on which all science of mind, and of matter too, primarily depends—such as that *matter can do nothing of itself*; that *mind is the active principle of all things*; that *man has a mind within him*; that *the man of to-day is the same being that he was yesterday*, &c. When our reasoners attempt to *prove* these things, they *always fail*. Berkeley remains to this moment *undisproved*. Why? Because personal identity is *incapable* of being brought within the forms of *argument*. God does nothing superfluous. He has stamped it as an instinct. It is a work of nature, and not a deduction of reason. The belief in spirit is an instinct; and every man therefore feels, without any process of reasoning being required, that materialism is an *absurdity*.

If you have not already insisted on these views, I think that with your logical head you might make a revolution in metaphysical science. Everything not founded on these *postulates* is mysticism and rambling—the romance of a fantastic brain, or the malevolence of an infidel one.

As to the request of critical remarks, I have no power

with the publication in question. But I can request the Editor to have a notice. I wish I had the power of being of any real use to a work which I regard as an honour, not merely to the author, but *to the age*.

Truly yours,

G. OROLY.

To R. Blakey, Esq.

P.S.—I find we live near each other. Can you call on me? I am generally at home till two, except Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I go to Walbrook.

I received a letter from my old and good friend, the Rev. William Nixon, of Montrose, informing me that he had received a communication from Belfast from a gentleman who had seen my "History of Philosophy," and who thought I might have a fair chance for the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics for Queen's College in that place. At first I did not enter very warmly into the enterprise. I felt conscious that I had no influence to bear upon an appointment of this kind, neither of a local nor general character. But being urged by my friend, I consented to entertain the matter, and to get up, and send in, testimonials for the situation, which had to be delivered to the Board of Education in Dublin. These testimonials I sent, with copies of my works which were of a philosophical

character, and bore upon my knowledge of the subjects which I might have to teach.*

December.—I have been occupied this month chiefly by getting my certificates ready, and with corresponding with my friend Nixon, and Professor Gibson, of Belfast, relative to the best mode of prosecuting my enterprise as to the Logic Chair. I have received many assurances that I stand a fair chance; although I do not feel any great degree of assurance on the matter myself. On applying to Dr. Meyer, the Librarian to Prince Albert, for a testimonial, I requested that, before he gave me one, he should ask his Royal Highness if he might take the liberty to do so. This he did: he told me at Windsor Castle that the Prince, after the subject was mentioned, had remarked that he thought that I was well entitled to the situation. This gave me some little encouragement. I heard, however, towards the latter end of the month, that several influential candidates had made their appearance in the field, and that I would experience a powerful opposition. I was far from being unduly sanguine as to the result.

January, 1849.—This year opened under somewhat more cheerful auspices than some of the preceding

* See Appendix A.

New Years that had passed over my head. I had still a few pounds in my pocket, but I felt they were gradually melting away, and that it behoved me to be setting about something to keep the wolf from the door. I laboured zealously at my volume; and, by dint of early rising, I got a good deal of the most weighty portions of it thrown off for the press by the latter end of the month. I was deeply enamoured of the subject, but lamented that I had not space to do that justice to many parts of the treatise which their respective and intrinsic merits required. I tried, however, to do my best with the materials at my disposal. I have long seen into the uselessness of sitting down repining over what cannot be remedied.

The reviews and critiques on my “History of Philosophy” were very flattering and satisfactory.* This was of some importance to me at this juncture, being a candidate for such an important Chair as that of Queen’s College; and the more so, as I had been given to understand, from the highest authority, that the several Professorships would be disposed of in the fairest manner.

February.—I wrote this month the greater part of the three last chapters of my “Temporal Benefits of Christianity.” Besides this occupation, I attended

* See Appendix B.

two, and sometimes three days a week at Dr. Williams' library, Red Cross Street, for the purpose of ferreting out some old and forgotten works on Mental Science, which I had not had the opportunity of consulting when busy with my "History." In fact, the greater part of these were entirely unknown to me when so employed. I regretted I had not paid more attention to this book repository before. There are certainly many curious and rare works in it; and yet it is so little used and cared for, though in the very heart of the great metropolis, that, for the three months I attended it, I never met with any but *one* solitary individual seeking its literary treasures. Such a phenomenon would not be found, I verily believe, in any other metropolis in the world but London.

About the latter end of the month I obtained some certain intimations, from a source on which I could implicitly rely, that my works had made a favourable impression, and that no undue influence would be brought to bear on the several nominations. The determination at head-quarters was that the best men, as far as the Board and the Lord Lieutenant at its head could judge, should have the respective Chairs. I began, in consequence of this intimation, to entertain something like a distinct though faint hope that I might be one of the fortunate candidates. I thought

within myself that I stood a fair chance; without, however, entertaining any arrogant assumption that I was the fittest on whom the choice should fall. I had eight distinct volumes laid before the Board, all connected with the studies for which the Chair was professedly appointed; and I thought there would be but few, if any at all, who would have so many published testimonials of what they knew of the subject under consideration. These and similar reflections I frequently indulged in; but, on the other hand, I was always haunted with the idea that, as I had no direct interest to bear upon the election, there was a great probability that I should go to the wall, in spite of all my volumes and opinions openly published on Logic and Philosophy.

August.—Went down at the commencement of this month to Cambridge to look after some old metaphysical works. Attended several days at the University Library, and found some rather curious treatises. When here, about the 5th or 6th of the month, news came of the Queen's College appointments, and my name was among the list of fortunate candidates. I need not say that I felt highly gratified at this honour conferred on me. I soon left Cambridge to join my family in London, who, with myself, were in great joy at my success. I received, by every post, for some

time, congratulatory letters on my advancement to this high dignity.

September.—On the recommendation of some friend I was advised to take a run over to Belfast this month, and see and hear a little about the colleges. I stayed with my friend Professor Gibson, who had so kindly interested himself in my behalf in everything connected with my appointment. He is a really excellent and superior man, an honour to Ireland, to the Presbyterian body, and to mankind in general. I received a most hearty welcome at his home, and his good lady, one of the kindest of her sex, did everything she could to make me happy.

I had not seen Ireland for five and twenty years ; but to me, it appeared much about in the same condition as when I left it. Belfast had greatly increased certainly ; but there were all the peculiar marks of Irish poverty and debasement which strike the eye the moment you set foot upon her soil. I have always contended that when a man sees Ireland for the first time, he gets a *new sense*. There is nothing like Irish life under the sun but in Ireland itself. No books or verbal descriptions of it can give any adequate conception of the *entire thing*, called Irish life ; it must be seen to be known. It is the most striking monument of moral and social debasement which the world has ever seen since the Creation.

October.—Visited the college by appointment on the 26th of this month, and it was decided that I should come over again on the first week of January, 1850, and commence lectures to such *non-matriculated* students as might want a course of Logic. I left my family at Alnwick till I went over to Belfast. I left London on the 16th of the month, and came direct by railway to Alnwick. I had not seen the place for ten years. Death had made sad havoc among many of my acquaintances during the interval. This town is always full of interest to me. It was the place where I received a good deal of my education, such as it was. There are various localities in its immediate neighbourhood which possess an undying interest in my recollections; places connected with particular studies which then engrossed every faculty of my mind. I paid visits to all of these sacred spots. I saw the very hillock on the moor on which I planted my table in the great snow-storm of 1814, and drew a map of the heavens. I saw the snug and cosy spot where I used to read Gibbon and Montesquieu; and I sat down on the very identical stone in the park grounds of Mr. Selby, of Swan's Field, on which I seated myself to open for the first time Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." I invested, as it were, all these localities with life, for the time being. I thought

they spoke, and heard, and felt the same emotions as myself. How exquisite are the recollections connected with mental labours and enterprises ! How different in their character from those connected with other pursuits of a purely material cast ! How exquisite are the pleasures of memory when they rest upon an intellectual basis !

After my return from Belfast I rested at Glasgow, and set immediately about getting up a few lectures on Logic. I had every facility from the University Library. I did not, however, make much progress, as Mrs. Blakey and some of the family came down to Glasgow, and were more or less indisposed. This withdrew attention from my studies.

January, 1850.—Much put about for money ; for, though our appointment had been made in the beginning of August, none of the Professors had as yet received a farthing ; neither did any of us know how much we would get, or when. This annoyed us not a little. On the 25th of the month, however, the imprisoned glands were set at liberty ; we received our pay from the day of appointment. This put me right, in some measure, for the present.

I commenced my lectures to the few *non-matriculated* students who were desirous of a Logic Course. I divided my lectures into two chief divisions ; the first

embraced *philosophical logic*, and the second *formal*, or the syllogistic theory. I lectured three days a week and examined two days. My plan was this: After an address of about an hour's duration, I gave the students a general summary of it off-hand; just as the Scotch clergy do with their sermons. This tends to fix the chief points of the lecture in the minds of the hearers.

Next day every student was to give me a written abstract of the lecture delivered the day before; this I looked over, and sometimes examined upon, and corrected it. Then, on the general examination days a wider range was taken; and we went over the entire ground traversed by the three preceding lectures. I found the students got a hold of the subject tolerably well by this method. The chief benefit, however, arises from their writing the matter down according to their own mode and fashion. This rivets the thing on the mind in such a manner that it cannot afterwards be readily effaced.

February and March.—I carried on my lectures to about the 20th of the last month; when the second term ended. I delivered two or three and twenty addresses. I felt I was pretty tightly kept to my business during these few weeks. A good part of the formal logic was illustrated by diagrams in chalk; the students com-

prehending them better in this mode than in any other.*

April.—Went to Glasgow to see about situations for my two sons. For variety's sake I took up my abode at Greenock, from which port I had some rambling angling excursions into Dumbartonshire and Argyleshire. The country and the water seemed delightful to my eye. I love the wild and barren heath and mountains; and to wander by the side of the pure and rippling streams, which take their rise out of them, is one of the greatest pleasures I can enjoy. I think I could live my whole life in these secluded and barren wastes.

About the middle of the month I began my “Historical Sketch of Logic.” I fancied such a book would tend not a little to throw some light on the subject, and to lead to improved and popular modes of teaching it. I sketched out at the commencement the whole of the chapters, and then began in right earnest to fill them up. I find I never can do anything unless I have a pretty correct idea of my enterprise as a *whole*. I must see its totality, or I never go on with heart. That is to say, that I must see the whole framework, or thereabouts, before I can labour with ease

* See Appendix C.

and comfort. I perceived from the first that my great difficulty would be to keep the matter within the compass of a single volume. And this anticipation proved correct. I could have done the work with more ease if I had had two volumes to roam over instead of one. The difficulty arising from compression is often great.

January, 1851.—Another year has gone its round. This is always a solemn thought to me. Where am I going to? What have I done in this world? What shall I yet do? What shall I yet be doomed to endure? are all questions which at this season I have invariably asked myself every hour of the day. Yet there is no satisfying answer to be obtained from any of them. How eager is the mind to get a glimpse of the future, but how closely and impenetrably is it hidden from our vision. *What cometh of to-morrow?* is a problem which comes not within the sphere of human knowledge. Man knows much; and in a certain sense, and under certain conditions, he may be justly enough proud of his knowledge. There is no presumption in this, when properly considered. His knowledge, to whatever extent it may go, bears a fixed relationship to the knowledge of the Deity. Man can traverse the boundless ocean; can count and measure the stars; can wield the elements of air,

water, light, and earth, to many surprising and valuable purposes ; and can even draw the lightning from heaven, and make it an instrument of communicating his thoughts and wishes ; *but he cannot tell what will happen to-morrow.* Here there is a boundary fixed that he cannot pass. Here his littleness is strikingly displayed. This is the wall he cannot scale, and which compels him to acknowledge his insignificance and imperfection, and to feel those emotions of humility and dependence which arise in the breasts of every son of Adam's race, no matter in what condition of life he may be.

It often strikes one what an advantage it would be to get a glance into the future ; and yet a moment's reflection will convince us that we should be exposed to a thousand deaths. Nothing could be enjoyed or hoped for. The prospect of suffering would mar all enjoyment of the present. It would be like condemning a man to be crucified, and compelling him all his life to carry his cross about with him. What we call our ignorance of futurity is to us one of the greatest blessings of existence.

There are still some literary matters I would like to be spared to put right. First, a third edition of my “ Moral Science.” I know I could make a good thing of this. Second, my “ History of Political Litera-

ture" is a thing I have intensely set my mind upon. I would make it either three or four volumes octavo. All my materials for this work are so full, that in twelve months I could have it out of the press.* Third, volume 5 of my "History of Philosophy." I have now 264 authors which are not given in any other volume. If I had these several enterprises brought to a successful termination and my "Lectures on Logic" fully revised, then, I think, I could sit down contented.

February 1st.—I have been glancing over Mr., now Father Newman's "Essay on Development." I had read his "Church of the Fathers," and his "Parochial Sermons," the last of which he did me the honour to present to me in person a few years ago. His writings, at least all I have seen of them, leave an unsatisfactory impression on my mind. He appears always to view a subject at some acute angle or another; he never looks at it in a direct or straightforward manner. He never embraces it as a totality. His acuteness loses itself in minuteness, like some meandering rivulet which sinks out of sight in the sand. He throws a peculiar haziness over everything he touches; not exactly that kind of haziness which

* See Appendix D.

arises from the employment of quaint and obscure language or phrases ; but that which results from a species of intellectual side-glancing at objects instead of steadily looking them full in the face. He is always fishing for pearls in deep water ; and always striving to express the most common and familiar thoughts in the formal drapery of philosophical diction. A healthy and rational mode of thinking is out of his beat ; partly, I conceive, from constitutional tendencies, and partly from a bad habit of thinking and reasoning. The casual and accidental relations of things are more important to him, as a thinker, than the necessary and essential. The latter he considers as belonging exclusively to the province of common minds, while the former display more of the subtilty and refined analysis of the philosopher. This mode of developing particular subjects of an abstract character necessarily gives a high degree of apparent profundity to matters of themselves of little comparative interest. The 'public are thus led to think a particular mode of treating a subject manifests a great deal of originality and mental acuteness, when in reality the author only displays the power of analysis stretched to an unwarrantable and attenuated degree on matters of little intrinsic moment. This artful habit of sliding away from the considera-

tion of a question in all its fulness and totality, and descanting with fervour and enthusiasm on some of its incidental and subordinate attributes, is flashy and showy, but at bottom, the certain indication of a narrow mind ; but a mind, nevertheless, which may display no small share of ability and cleverness within the sphere it chooses for its operations.

We can perceive, even when in conversation with Father Newman, as well as by a perusal of his works, that the straightforward and beaten track is not the track for him. He seems betimes to set out fairly, but before he advances any length on his journey he is beguiled, by the irresistible influence of his genius and habits, to step aside into some unknown and trackless path, and to part company with the rest of mankind. He throws out dazzling coruscations, now and then, in his route, but they either mislead or divert the honest traveller's eye from the direct road he is following.

December.—Finished the last sheet of my volume the night before Christmas Day. Felt an inexpressible sense of relief, as if a great load had been taken off my shoulders. A curious sensation this, felt I believe by all bookmakers. And now I feel as if I would not be long happy until I have another work on the stocks.

I can truly say, however, that, let the merits or demerits of this “Sketch of Logic” be what they may, I believe that there never was a work on Logic written under so many difficulties. When I look at them and the work when finished, I am quite surprised how the thing has been accomplished in the way it has.

Among the various gentlemen connected more or less with literature, I have been fortunate to meet with in jogging along the path of life, there are none among them stand higher in my personal regard than Dr. James Beattie, the author of “The Life of Thomas Campbell,” the writer of “The Pleasures of Hope,” and of many other valuable productions. I have uniformly received from his hands many tokens of his esteem. I beg to insert one, among several letters received from him, from time to time, as a fine specimen of that happy epistolary style which so few mere authors have been successful in imitating:—

Bedford Square, March 10th.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have just received a copy of your “Historical Sketch of Logic,” which you have so kindly addressed to me, and I hasten to assure you that such a gift from you makes me at once proud and grateful. It is certainly a desideratum in our language, and I am glad, for many obvious

reasons, that you have made choice of the subject. I feel assured, judging from your other works, that I should derive pleasure, and perhaps profit, from the perusal of them ; therefore I feel happy in thanking you beforehand, for I have only had time to open a few pages of the Introduction. I wish I had anything in print worth your acceptance, but at present I have not. If anything occur to you in which I can be useful in town, pray command my humble services ; and with hearty good wishes for your perfect restoration to health, believe me,

My dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM BEATTIE.

P.S.—I think you know Joanna Baillie. I was with her a few days before her death, and found her as animated and full of anecdotes as ever. Her surviving sister in her ninety-second year, and Mr. Rogers in his eighty-eighth, so much for literary longevity ! Moore, as you have heard, is still in a very unsatisfactory state of health. The stars are fast dropping from our hemisphere ; only two of the old brilliants are left.

I was only once in the company, for a short time, of Mr. Samuel Rogers, and he was then very old and infirm. He called in his brougham one day upon a friend of mine, to inquire what he thought of a certain poem that was making some noise among the critics of the day. My host read two or three pas-

sages of the work to Mr. Rogers, who dryly said, "There is little fire there, and less sense." He left soon after; and my friend made the remark, that the criticism was, in substance, pretty much what he expected; though he added, that Rogers was, generally speaking, not by any means an illiberal critic, but some kind of topics he did not relish, and this poem was one of them. The poet of the "Pleasures of Memory" died in 1855, at the advanced age of *ninety-three*.

January 8th, 1853.—Called upon M. Delepierre, at the Belgian Consul Office, and had a long and interesting conversation with him on the Macaronic verses he has lately published at Paris. He said this kind of writing was of very great antiquity.

January 9th.—Dined and supped at M. Delepierre's with about a party of thirty; among the number was Mr. Colley Grattan, the novelist, and author of "Byeways and Highways," Mr. Waller, of Brussels, Captain Tidy, Mr. Warner, M.P. for Norwich, &c. We spent a very pleasant evening indeed. Moore's life became a topic of conversation; and Grattan spoke in rather a bitter tone of the poet's general character. He said he knew him well, and had often been highly delighted with him; but he was entirely devoid of *moral* courage. He was a slave to the great and

the fashionable, who used him as an instrument of amusement, and nothing more. The memoirs, as far as yet published (two volumes), Grattan considers poor and despicable productions, and Lord John Russell's editorship to be anything but what an editor should be. Grattan is a most amusing companion. Had a long and interesting conversation with Mr. Warren on song writing. He seems to have paid great attention to lyrical melody, and to have obtained correct notions of its structure and character. We had some fine singing and music from the female part of the company.

January 11th.—Caught a severe cold ; bought some woodcuts (blocks) for a small work I purpose getting out soon, to be called “The Angler’s Complete Guide to the Rivers in England and Wales.” I obtained ten blocks in excellent order for twenty-three shillings. They would have cost nearly twelve pounds from the engraver’s hand.

January 12th.—Went to dine again with my friend M. Delepierre, chiefly to witness the performance of a Mrs. Haydin, an American lady, who had come over to England lately to promulgate the doctrine of an *intercourse with departed spirits*. She had been performing, or rather displaying the art, or science, or revelation, or call it what you will, in several private circles of distinction in the West-end. She arrived

about seven o'clock ; she came alone, though her husband is in this country with her. She is a respectable-looking lady, was dressed very plainly, but neatly in black silk, with a white silk shawl, and, on the whole, looked rather interesting. There was evidently a feeling of diffidence in her look, and a consciousness that she would be very narrowly scrutinised. After a few minutes' conversation on general topics, the dinner-table was stripped of its oil-cloth, and we all seated ourselves around it, along with her. She then commenced by tapping gently on the table with her fingers, and asking if any of the spirits were there. She said there were taps audible to her ear, which intimated their presence. I could not distinguish any such sounds. She told us, by way of introduction, that sometimes the answers were very low and indistinct, and at other times so loud that they resembled men striking on the table with their fists. She was unable to account for this variation of tone. She asked M. Delepierre if there was any particular person he thought of, and whose spirit he would like to invoke. He fixed on one. Mrs. Haydin then, bending her head to the surface of the table, gave two or three gentle taps, and inquired if the spirit of the departed person, thought of now by M. Delepierre, was now present. This was answered by two or three

taps in return, which were interpreted as an answer in the affirmative. She then said, "Will you be kind enough to tell M. Delepierre the letters which compose the first name of the person he is now thinking of?"

The answer was a tap, meaning Yes.

M. Delepierre then took the alphabet, printed on a card, and went over the letters individually, and the taps were made at the mention of these letters which made up the name of the person he was thinking of. But in all these repeated attempts I could not myself hear anything; I changed, however, my position, and went to another corner of the table, and then I certainly did hear very distinctly the taps, that seemed to come from under the table. Mrs. Haydin had no visible connection with the table; and the whole proceedings seemed to be of a *bond fide* cast, and by no means under the guidance of a spirit of deception or trickery. The sounds were certainly there, but how produced, or what was indicated by them, remained to me a mystery. What took the performance out of the rank of deception, was the fact that several other persons did precisely the same thing as Mrs. Haydin did. A Mr. Seymour tapped on the table, and inquired if the spirit of *Mary* was present, his first wife, who had been dead five and forty years, and a tap was returned by way of answer. A correspond-

ence was then carried on by Mr. Seymour, and on demanding the number of years since the spirit had left this earthly abode, he was told the exact number of years, the precise month, but there was some error in the day of the month. This excited a good deal of surprise in the audience ; and there was a mixed feeling of wonder and incredulity on the countenances of all present. I left the performance before it was finally concluded.

I had a long conversation with M. Van de Weyer at his house in Portland Place. He was remarkably pleasant and agreeable. He spoke highly of the plan of my "History of Political Literature," and told me he would seek out several foreign works which would prove of use to me. I was to come and see him whenever I had an opportunity while in London.

January 15th.—Dined at M. Delepierre's. Went with the family to a party the same evening at 80, Harley Street, to a Mrs. Veaux. Fine music and singing. Met there Louis Blanc. Had a long conversation with him on French politics. He is, I should conceive, scarcely five feet high, but proportionably made. His face is round, eyes full and dark, hair black and shining, and general expression mild and pleasing. He is well-versed in the ordinary theories of political science cultivated in France since the Com-

munism of the last and present century. He entertains a deeply-rooted hatred of the Roman Catholic system, under its political aspect. He says it is, as a system, totally inimical to civil freedom in all its forms and principles. His views of political principles generally are practical and material, but he candidly admitted that a spiritual element was indispensable towards giving them life and power in every State. He spoke of the theological school of politics in France,—Lemenais, Bonald, and others,—and said they were not entirely at fault, but they pushed their principles to an immeasurable length, and damaged their arguments in consequence.

January 16th.—Called on Dr. Forbes, and had a long conversation with him on the best mode of publishing my work by subscription. He is busy in getting a work of his own through the press relating to Ireland.

January 22nd.—Dined and spent the evening at M. Delepierre's. We had a very agreeable party.

January 23rd.—Busy examining some satirical writings of the early Italian authors on political matters. They are very curious. I find there is really no end to the examination of works relative to politics. I must stop somewhere, or I shall never bring anything to a conclusion. I must discard both the thought and the word *perfection*, and keep to

what is really within the compass of my powers to accomplish.

March 1st.—Called upon Mr. Robert Montgomery, *preacher and poet*, as he calls himself. He is full of excitement about the value of his own works. He is undoubtedly clever, and a man of sterling genius; but his great and lamentable weakness—his personal vanity—is really painful to witness. It was with much difficulty I could get away from him. The following is a specimen of the way he usually treats his darling subject—the extension of his fame:—“Now, my dear Mr. Blakey, I esteem your writings highly: you and I are far beyond the age. Now, do quote me wherever you can, and do it largely, and in the highest terms of eulogy. Our grand principles are the same; therefore, you can do it better than any one else. Now, mind, ‘*Robert* Montgomery, preacher and poet, not *James*.’ I know I tower far above all my enemies. I have had a Satanic struggle with them for years, but now I am at the top of the tree. Whenever you can get a paragraph into any newspaper or magazine, do remember and give me a lift. You know it is our duty to assist each other.” I cannot tell the fiftieth part of what he talked on this subject. But the spectacle was very lamentable, and really humiliating. He filled my pockets full with his works.

March 13th.—Dined and spent the evening with Dr. Forbes.

March 14th.—Dined and spent the evening with Dr. Farr, at St. John's Wood. He is a really clever man, and of such a modest and unassuming demeanour that most persons become prepossessed in his favour. He does not entertain a very high opinion of some ministerial notables; he thinks they are really, at bottom, very shallow, ill-informed persons. He is now engaged in attempting to make out fully and clearly the principle that *direct* taxation is the best mode of raising the revenue; but then it must be regulated by a principle of justice and equality—that is, that a man who has ten thousand a year from land, or any kind of tangible property, should be taxed in a higher ratio than a man who may have five hundred or a thousand per annum solely depending upon his own daily labours. This, I conceive, is a sound distinction, and should be followed in all direct modes of taxing a people.

Went down to Liverpool to look after my work. Found nothing had been done during my absence. How provokingly dilatory these printers are! Called upon Mr. Samuel McCulloch and sisters to sympathise with them under their recent affliction. They are a most loving and amiable family.

Dined and took tea several times with Mr. Charles Higgins, son-in-law to the late Dr. McCulloch, a kind and benevolent man.

Went out to Rose Hill and spent a day and night with Dr. and Mrs. Muspratt. He is now bringing out a large work on "Chemical Science in Connection with Arts and Manufactures."

March 19th.—Spent the evening with Dr. David Thom. He was very pleasant and agreeable.

March 20th.—Left for Glasgow. Found my wife and daughter both unwell. Received proofs from Mr. Marple, of Liverpool, of my "Angler's Guide to the Rivers of England and Wales." It looks well, and I think will be a useful and agreeable pocket volume to the disciples of the "gentle art." Penned an introduction to it. Sent my sketch of "Angling Literature" to the editor of the *Eclectic Review*, Professor Stowell, of Cheshunt College. He agreed for it in two parts. Sent the first, and the second will be sent when required. I had about a fortnight before this visited the editor at the college. I had known him twenty-five years before. He is a clever and able man, and well adapted to conduct such a periodical as the *Eclectic*. He gave me some curious information as to the quantity of matter that was thrown upon him from his numerous correspondents, and of what little

idea most of them had as to the proportion which articles in general should have, to keep up the interest among a great diversity of readers. He complained severely of his *clerical* contributors who had no mercy on his limited space. Everything that came from their pens was of a ponderous and unwieldy size ; and he significantly added, “ and very dull besides.”

May 2nd.—Corrected some of the proofs of my “Angler’s Guide,” and wrote a preface and introduction to it. Very anxious about getting my second volume of “Political History” fairly to the press.

May 5th.—Received a kind letter from Dr. George Townsend, of Durham University, saying he had just gone through the four volumes of my “History of Philosophy,” and thanked me for the information I had given him. He earnestly recommended me to write a book on the “Metaphysics of Scripture,” especially on the Epistles of St. Paul. This, however, I cannot do at present. Heard the delightful news that my dear daughter, Isabella, had been safely delivered of another son.

May 11th.—Went to Liverpool about my work. Found nothing had been done. Very much grieved at this tardy and tantalizing mode of doing business. Called *patience* to my consolation ; a goddess I have

now had to become very familiar with. She is worthy of all adoration after all.

May 13th.—Got under canvas again in reference to my work. The second volume begun, though the first is not finished by six or seven sheets. I must now go to work and brush up my MSS., see that dates are correct, and, in fact, attend to those thousand-and-one things connected with getting a work of any magnitude through the press.

May 15th.—I called at Dr. Thom's. Met there Dr. Hume, among several other of the Liverpool *literati*. He is full of antiquarian lore. Conversation of the evening mostly upon this subject.

May 17th.—Called by invitation on Dr. Hume, and looked over a large stock of ballads he has been collecting for several years. I wanted to find if there were any in his stock on angling. I only found three, and was sadly disappointed when having taken them to my lodgings for transcribing, I found I had them already. My stock of angling songs, and poetical pieces generally, is now very voluminous, and I am daily picking up something on the subject wherever I go. I wonder what the collection will come to at last. I am certain it is now very curious—nay, unique.

The doctor has got into a squabble with the Philosophical Society of Liverpool, and some of the

members are very wroth with him, and he with them. His tale to me was that the Society has got into the hands and entire management of a little clique of *Unitarians*, and nothing can be done but in accordance with the narrow, sectarian views of the party. I have always found these local associations for literature and science very questionable kinds of things. That they are pleasant, and, to a certain extent, instructive and improving, is certain ; but I think in the long run they have a contracting influence on the mind, and it is rare indeed that anything of mark ever springs out of them. They engender a vast deal of conceit, and this is one of the greatest impediments to a real progress in knowledge. It has been often said, and I believe with great truth, that societies, whether for arts or for sciences, never yet made a man of mettle. They take a man by the hand after he has *made himself* something ; and this is the chief thing they have to boast of.

Dr. Thom called at my lodgings to give me an exposition of his theological system. He talked incessantly for three or four hours, but I had candidly to tell him I was totally at a loss to comprehend his theory. He denies baptism, the Lord's Supper, and the immortality of the soul ; but, in reference to the latter point, he thinks the soul will live for ever, by

virtue of some influence of the Deity. Altogether his opinions are the quaintest and most incomprehensible jumble of anything I have ever met with. I think no rational man could sit half an hour with the doctor, when discussing his system, but would be convinced that he is bordering on insanity, if he has not actually reached it. He has, I am told, about a score of followers in Liverpool, who have generously bought him a property, valued at *two thousand* pounds, and made him a present of it in perpetuity for his weekly ministrations. I believe that there is nothing so rankly foolish that will not take root and flourish in the populous towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The people here seem to have a keen and insatiable relish for absurdities of every kind.

May 24th.—I have been labouring hard at my work. I have got seven sheets corrected and fit for press. I have been at the Lyceum and Athenæum libraries every day this week, looking into the general correctness of my matter. Finished my book on the “Angling Rivers and Lakes of England and Wales.” It will, I think, be a neat little volume. Mr. Marple is a good printer, a very superior one to Mr. Mathews, who has my “History” in hand. It requires a man of some general intelligence to be a successful and clever printer.

May 30th.—Heard Dr. Raffles this morning. He is getting old now. Sermon very good, but of the *old school*. He does not appear to me to have ever been a hard student in many sciences connected more or less intimately with theology. He has lived very respectably,—in some degree, rather what the world calls *fashionably*, and he has acquitted himself creditably in his vocation. But we see nothing of the philosophical theologian, a man of profound study and acquirements. I think his friends should insist upon him seeking out an assistant and successor. He should not be worn down to the very stumps; this is cruel treatment of a worthy servant of the ministry.

June 8th.—Been busy this last week or ten days; reading all manner of queer things about French satirical poems and plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Most amusing and witty men these Frenchmen are, after all that can be said against their fickleness, violence, and merry-andrew-like conduct. Had several invitations to dinner, but declined them, solely upon the grounds that such indulgences derange my mind and body for the special work I have now in hand. No one relishes more than I do a cheerful dinner or tea party; but there are times when mental labour has to be performed that such indulgences should be deferred “till a more convenient season.”

I find that hilarity, when excessive, is as unfriendly to severe and concentrated study as grief and despondency. This is the case with myself, at least.

July.—Came from Liverpool to Manchester, where I purpose stopping a few days. A curious place this truly is. Cobbett used to call it *the hell-hole*, and wished often that he might live to see the grass grow up in its streets.

July 16th.—Went to an Episcopalian Church in the evening, having attended a Presbyterian one in the morning. I was much interested with the clergyman's discourse. His name was Parkes, from Oppen-shaw, and he was considered in Manchester a crack preacher. His sermon was delivered *extempore*. It was solely on Predestination, in which I felt a deep interest. He told the Manchester audience that he had felt it to be an imperative duty to preach these kind of doctrinal sermons among his own people; and he hoped they would find them both useful and improving. He likewise, among many other things, said that any mixture or blending of the Calvinistic and Armenian views was, to his understanding, the most absurd thing upon the face of the earth. Anything that interfered with the great doctrine of the absolute degrees of the Deity struck at the root of all Revealed Truth. I was very anxious to hear some

novel expositions or illustrations of this doctrine, but I was disappointed ; having heard the same arguments times without number. I was, however, much amused by a piece of real pedantry. It was to this purport, “Oh, that I could induce some of the simplest and unlearned of this Christian audience to take home with them one single plain ‘syllogism’ and ponder over it. It is this :—‘ All persons must be finally lost whom God does not love ; there are some persons whom God does not love. *Ergo* (spoken twice with great emphasis), there will be some persons who will be finally lost.’” It is a very rare thing, however, to hear any doctrinal matter propounded in an Episcopalian pulpit ; if there were a little more of it, it would do the people an immense service. Their religious understandings are benumbed for the lack of a proportion of doctrinal theology.

Manchester presents to my eye a curious sight on a Sunday evening. I went a short distance from this church to the end of Oldham Road. There were in the streets four groups of men, all gathered round some street orators. I took a peep at all the groups. One I found was occupied with a discussion on the principles of Socialism ; another was describing the domestic and civil policy of the Emperor Napoleon III. ; the third

group was disputing about the Divine mission of our Saviour ; and the fourth was holding forth on the importance of upholding the independence of Turkey. All the orators were plain working men, two of them very shabbily dressed. They did not deliver their sentiments in a formal style, but in a conversational tone ; and readily answered any interrogatories which their hearers put to them. Their language was generally plain, correct, and forcible.

I think the custom of opening public-houses as “concert rooms” on Sunday afternoon and evening an objectionable one. “Sacred” music is ostensibly held out to the people ; but in three or four of these gatherings I heard nothing but profane airs played. In one I heard the “Keel-row.” It is, I confess, a difficult matter to legislate wisely and wholesomely for the Sabbath, particularly in England.

All I have ever seen of the manufacturing population has convinced me that, whatever may be said about its national advantages, it wages a constant and destructive warfare with the entire constitution of man—physically and morally. The body is broken down to a miserable shred of humanity before the middle age of life. I have several times asked men, who appeared to be sixty or seventy, what age they were, and I have often found that they were not

forty. One man, I remember, I conceived at first that he must be nearly seventy: he said he was only thirty-seven! The young lads are miserable, pale-faced, bandy-kneed beings; and the young women have entirely lost all that is either delicate-looking or healthy in their external frames. Then, again, the moral habits and influences of the mill system are directly opposed to some of the imperative duties and wholesome laws of our inward constitution, laws which can never be set at defiance without producing the most disastrous results. It must be allowed, however, that the mill labourers are much more vigorous and healthy, both in body and mind, in small towns, and in country districts, than in such large cities as Manchester, Glasgow, and the like.

After the publication of my "History of Moral Science" I became acquainted with several of the most eminent literary men connected with English Dissenters. Among the number I may mention Isaac Taylor, of Ogner; Josiah Condor, editor of the *Eclectic Review*; Professor Stowell, of Cheshunt College; Dr. Price; and Dr. John Harris, the author of "Mammon," and other well-known treatises. The last-named gentleman stood high in public estimation, both as a

preacher and philosopher. When it was reported that he had accepted the editorship of the *Eclectic*, I wrote him a line respecting an article I contemplated sending him, when I received the following letter from him, which I have always highly valued :—

New College, St. John's Wood, London,
December 8, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—

You may have seen by this time the notice in the *Eclectic* or elsewhere that I do not undertake the editorship. Many reasons combined to bring me to this determination. Had I taken the post I should certainly have gladly availed myself of your able literary aid ; having known you through your "History of the Philosophy of Mind," ever since it came out.

I am, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN HARRIS.

I read the "Autobiography" of Dr. William Jerdan, published about this time (1854), with much pleasure.

The doctor occupied for more than thirty years a critical position over the general literature of the kingdom which was never possessed by any one before, and on this account his work is very interesting. All things considered, he always appeared to me a very candid and judicious critic in all the articles I ever read in the *Literary Gazette*. That he should have

met with some degree of coldness and neglect of late years is not surprising. This tardiness in acknowledging his merits he felt acutely. The last letter I had from him, in remarking upon the rather scurvy treatment he had experienced, he said, "The periodical press is so low, and in such juvenile and ignorant hands, that I have not cared for the absence of generous sympathy, or of common justice towards me, I may say, the father of the literature on which they live. The spirit is discreditable to the press."

In 1854 I wrote two works for Messrs. Routledge, the one "Angling, and Where to Go," the other on "Shooting." Both these books have been, and still are, very popular. I likewise published this year my two first volumes on the "History of Political Literature." They were well received by the critical press of the day. They treat of political writers of a theoretical cast to the termination of the sixteenth century. From this period till the present day the other two volumes, making four in all, are still in manuscript.

In 1856 I wrote a "History of Angling Literature;" and another volume on the "Scottish Rivers," published by David Bogue, Fleet Street. In 1859 I put my "Old Faces in New Masks" to the press. It had an excellent frontispiece by Mr. George Cruik-

shank, and I sold the copyright to Messrs. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.*

From this date to the present time (1873) I have not sent anything to the press. I have enlarged my "History of Logic," my "Lives of the Primitive Fathers of the Church," and other works, which have already been printed. In addition to these labours I have written, and made ready for the printer, several other treatises which are still in manuscript, of which I herewith give a list; so that my friends may see, in some measure, the extent and kind of labours I have been, in these my latter years, engaged in. This list is not given in the spirit of boasting, far from it. I am duly sensible of my own imperfections and shortcomings, and would earnestly crave for indulgence from all writers who have vastly headed me in the race of general literature and philosophy.†

* See Appendix E.

† See Appendix F.

A P P E N D I X.

A, page 192.

It may be interesting to Dr. Blakey's friends to read the recommendations he received and submitted, in connection with his successful application for the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics, in Queen's College, Belfast.

Letters from the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle.

(No. 1.)

Grosvenor Place, April 11, 1834.

SIR,—

In reply to the letter with which you have favoured me, I have only to state that I shall feel sincerely gratified at any use which is made of my name by a person who has already conferred so much real honour on the town of Morpeth.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very faithful and obliged servant,

MORPETH.

Robert Blakey, Esq.

(No. 2.)

Castle Howard, December, 1848.

SIR,—

You are aware that I cannot bear that fulness of testimony which can only be borne by those who have the advantage of intimate personal acquaintance; but from all

Appendix.

that has reached me concerning you, I can have no doubt that you have abilities and qualifications which would make you an ornament to the Chair you desire to fill.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very faithful servant,

CARLISLE.

P.S.—I have not presumed to speak of your works, which have a character to speak for themselves.

2, Melina Place, St. John's Wood, London,
December 8, 1848.

This is to certify that I have known Mr. Robert Blakey for many years, and that I consider him well qualified, in all respects, to officiate as a Professor in any University Chair, for the teaching of logic and metaphysics.

DELEPIERRE, LL.D., F.S.A., &c. &c.

Montrose, December 1, 1848.

Mr. Blakey has all along been esteemed by his friends—as he has by his writings proved himself to the world—to be a man of uncommon mental powers.

These powers he has cultivated with the utmost care and perseverance from the time of his very boyhood.

The extent to which he has stored his mind with all sorts of knowledge, is evident from his manifold contributions to so many departments of the current literature of the age.

While he has mastered many branches of science, he has few equals in the kingdom, as regards his acquaintance with

logic, metaphysics, and ethics. These subjects he has studied, and expounded in his writings with an enthusiasm and a success that have not many parallels among living authors.

The charms of Mr. Blakey's writings are, the clearness with which he thinks and expresses himself on the abstract subjects of which he treats, his manifest love of truth, the justness and sobriety of his views, the mingled simplicity, strength, and liveliness of his style, and his reverence for Divine Revelation.

Mr. Blakey has great conversational powers, and a singular faculty for dealing with the minds of others, so as to draw them out, and impart information to them.

To all these characteristics of Mr. Blakey there are added a common sense and a sagacity, a liveliness of wit, a benevolence of disposition, and an attractiveness of manner that make him one of the most interesting of friends and instructors.

On the whole it may truly be said that Mr. Blakey has much more extensive, and accurate, and scientific knowledge than many who have long occupied seats of learning, and far more aptness for teaching than many who have been long officially employed in that sort of work.

And as, in respect of years, he is still in the prime of life, it may fairly be expected that if called to fill a Professor's Chair, he may prove a valuable instrument in training hundreds of those young men who are destined to exercise such a decisive influence on the country to which they belong.

All my private intercourse with Mr. Blakey impressed me with his attachment to the great doctrines embodied in

the Articles of the Church of England, and in the Westminster Confession of Faith, while he was a regular and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, in connection with the Church of Scotland.

WILLIAM NIXON,

Minister of Free St. John's, Montrose.

Letters from his Excellency M. Sylvain Van de Weyer.

(No. 1.)

September 6, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am very glad to hear that you are at last able to publish your "History of Philosophy." Such a work has been long a desideratum in English literature; and from what you have told me of the plan, and from your former publications on philosophical subjects, I believe that your work has every chance of success, and that such an undertaking could not be placed in better hands.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

SYLVAIN VAN DE WEYER.

R. Blakey, Esq.

(No. 2.)

50, Portland Place, December 23, 1848.

I have known Mr. Blakey for several years, have had frequent opportunities of conversing with him on subjects connected with mental philosophy, and from all I know of

him, and of his numerous philosophical works, I am fully persuaded that he is well qualified to fill a Chair in any Collegiate Institution for the teaching of logic and metaphysics.

SYLVAIN VAN DE WEYER,

Fl. Professor of Philosophy at the University of Brussels,
D.C.L., Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences
and Letters, &c.

Belgrave Place, April 29, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—

I thank you for the welcome present of a valuable work ("History of Moral Science"); it is at once clear and satisfactory; and the original grasp of mind, and sagacity of thinking which it everywhere displays, cannot fail to make your name known through the whole regions in which moral science is studied. Nor must you set this down for my opinion alone: friends, in whose judgment I have full confidence, say the same; and as a proof of this, you will find in next *Athenaeum* a critique much to the honour of the work and its author. I began to look into it as a duty, but I soon felt it a pleasure: your language is everywhere so luminous and your notions so clearly conceived, that no one can mistake you. I feel obliged to our mutual friend, Mr. Doubleday, for having made me acquainted with you; and I beg you will number me among your sincere admirers.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

*Appendix.**From Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers.*

St. Andrew's, May 24, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am here, at present, on account of my health. I return you many thanks for your book on Logic, all of which I have read. I have long doubted the practical utility of this science, however interesting it may be in itself, and accord most heartily with many of your observations upon this subject. And I even fear that this inutility puts your own work to a disadvantage; for I am not sure if logic, *however treated*, will not always prove itself an inefficient guide to the prosecution of the other sciences.

I should have preferred, however, that you had not restricted your theme to subjects connected with human nature, and that you had treated it as a science that comprised the art of deduction in all the sciences.

I most cordially assent to your striking views at the commencement of your work on the utter distinction between the science of logic and the philosophy of mind—this latter being a topic which ought not to have been so implicated, as it has been, either with logic or the philosophy of taste or ethical science.

With my kindest regards, ever believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

THOMAS CHALMERS.

Robert Blakey, Esq.

From Rev. Professor Dewar.

Aberdeen, Marischal College,

April 23, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—

I duly received the copy of your “History of Moral Science” which you sent to me, and have read it with great interest and pleasure. It is, in my opinion, a work of very great merit, and to students of moral philosophy an invaluable treasure. You have been very happy in giving a condensed, and yet comprehensive, view of the different theories and systems of moral science.

I remain, with great respect, dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

DANIEL DEWAR.

Windsor Castle, December 26, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—

Since you have done me the honour of asking me for a few lines of recommendation for the office of Professor to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen’s College, Belfast, with particular reference to your “History of the Philosophy of Mind,” I hereby have the pleasure of stating to you that I perused several portions of that work with great interest, and found them to bear witness as well to the author being endowed with great autodidactical originality of thought as to his mind having been trained (particularly, as it seems, by the study of the philosophical writers of the Scotch and French schools) to the practice of an excellent, clear, and methodical reasoning. I regret not having found hitherto sufficient leisure for studying the whole of your work, one of the principal merits of which undoubtedly consists in the vastness of its plan.

With my sincere wishes, therefore, for your success in obtaining the place which you desire, and which I am conscious none can have greater claims to fill with merit and satisfaction,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

W. MEYER, LL.D.,

Sec. and Lib. to H.R.H. Prince Albert.

R. Blakey, Esq.

London, Hackney, Dec. 27th, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I should be sincerely gratified if any opinion of mine could be of use to you in your public objects, but it is so long since I left Ireland that all recollections of me have passed away, except, perhaps, with a few of the older Fellows of Dublin College. As to any opinion of your fitness for the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics, you can require none. Your book is the best certificate, and no one capable of comprehending vigorous thought in vigorous language can doubt the value of your services in any institution where those sciences are to be developed.

I have observed in your volumes a characteristic which I have scarcely observed in any other on the subject of mental history—a constant and strong reference to religion; this reference not in the language of enthusiasm, but in the language of common sense, which is, after all, the only language in which the Deity has ever spoken to man, or by which man can effect solid advances in the truth of things.

Your introduction is a sufficient proof of this feeling, and I have read nothing which exhibits at once more truth of conception and more elegance and fervour of language.

I hope that in any lectures which you may be called on to

give, you will persist in the principles of this noble introduction, and, taking the influence of religion on the mind as a *primary* law of Divine action in our whole intellectual progress, you will then proceed to demonstrate its effects in purifying, strengthening, and elevating the mental capacities of man. I am convinced that this is the *true principle* of progress, that the want of it has been the origin of the bewilderment of such subtle faculties as those of Spinoza and Hume, and that we might as well attempt to explain the phenomena of the mind without it, as explain the phenomena of the planets without gravitation, or the laws of gravitation without the Deity. All nature, physical and intellectual, *centres in Him*, ever glorious, ever magnificent, and ever benevolent.

As to the College of which you speak, I should conceive that they ought to rejoice in having the author of your four last volumes for a candidate. Your qualifications are *there*. Those manly, learned, and elegant pages speak for themselves.

Yours truly,

S. CROLY, LL.D.,

Rector of Walbrook, London.

Robert Blakey, Esq., Kingland Road.

B, page 193.

Amongst his numerous MSS. and literary remains, Dr. Blakey has left behind a large volume consisting of letters addressed to him by men of eminence, both in this and other countries. Belgian, French, German, and Italian scholars and statesmen have been his correspondents; some of them entering at considerable length into the subjects of philosophy or politics treated in Dr. Blakey's writings. The editor has

not felt at liberty to enlarge the volume by the publication of many of these letters, but he inserts the following :—

From Vincenzo Gioberti, President of the Council of Italy, and formerly Professor of Philosophy in the Royal Gymnasium at Brussels.

TRANSLATION.

Paris, April 26th, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—

I received in Turin your valued book, shortly before my departure, with the copy intended for Count Mamiani, the transmission of which I entrusted to a bookseller who has correspondents in Rome.

I hope you will excuse me for not replying at once, on account of the pre-occupation of my journey, and also on account of my health which was indifferent, and which took away every desire to apply myself, as well as to write.

I cannot adequately express to you, even if I wished, my gratitude for such a gracious present, and one so full of elevated doctrine, and for the great friendship with which you therein speak of me and of my affairs.

Certain I am, to be praised by one such as you, is one of the greatest fortunes I can have ; and your praise alone has amply compensated for much criticism. I should like to reciprocate, in token of my gratitude ; and I will do it as soon as politics permit me to return to my pleasant studies. But in the meantime I beg you to accept my strongest expression of gratitude that I can offer by words, and believe me, with the greatest esteem,

Your devoted and obliged,

GIOBERTI.

TRANSLATION.

Paris, 10th January, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have just received your interesting letter. I have seen your "History of Philosophy." It is a noble work, and I hear it highly spoken of in Italy, particularly in Florence. It will do you immense honour.

I am here in voluntary exile; and am not very well in my health. I am doing all I can in getting up my new work, "Rinnovamento Civile." I beg to say I have still the most lively recollections of the many happy hours I spent with you in Brussels with our friend Mr. Craven.

Believe me to be,

Yours most sincerely,

GIOBERTI.

From M. Oct. Delepierre, LL.D., &c., Belgian Consul, London.

18, Gloster Terrace, Hyde Park.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I have received the two first volumes of your "History of Political Literature," and I consider you have performed your task very creditably. The work forms an important era in political science, for, as far as my information extends, there is no work of the same kind in any European language. I hope you will soon be enabled to proceed with the third and fourth volumes; and I assure you that I look forward with great pleasure to the time when you shall fully complete your great undertaking.

Believe me to be, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

DELEPIERRE.

Brussels, 23rd June, 1849.

MY DEAR BLAKELY,—

I have just received a letter from Mr. Conway wherein he tells me that the King has decided to grant you the Golden Medal given by his Majesty to great foreign authors. Accept my best congratulations on the honour paid to your talent.

Yours very faithfully,

DELEPIERRE.

C, page 200.

From Professor Moffett, University of Galway.

(No. 1.)

40, Trinity Square, Dublin,

Dec. 31st, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—

The nature of the subject on which I address you will, I trust, excuse my intrusion.

I have the honour of being your co-ordinate in Queen's College, Galway, and I have been, for some time, anxiously deliberating on the important questions of the formation of a course of study and the selection of text-books for the students in our department. As the three Colleges will be united in a University, and as students from all the Colleges will be candidates for the University distinctions, you will, I am sure, agree with me in thinking it would be very desirable (perhaps essential) that the three Professors of our department should, if possible, agree on a common course of study, and common text-books. By a letter which I received from Professor Read, of Cork, I know that he concurs in this view.

I would feel much obliged if you would, at your con-

venience, favour me with a communication, and inform me whether you have yet selected or thought of any books that would be suitable for the purpose I have mentioned.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your very faithful servant,

THOMAS W. MOFFETT.

To Professor Blakey, Belfast.

(No. 2.)

Queen's College, Galway,
January 23rd, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I was obliged by your prompt and satisfactory reply. I fully agree with you as to the difficulty, in *practice*, of giving uniformity to our instructions, and that it would be very desirable that we should have a Conference, and I hope we may be able to meet at the close of the first Session. It would be a very important point gained if we could agree on the text-books in both branches of our department, which might serve as a common *basis* of our teaching. Of these, however, there is a great deficiency; so much so, in my opinion, that I had suggested to Mr. Read the propriety of considering whether we might not endeavour to frame one for our own use. Perhaps you would so far favour me as to inform me whether you have yet fixed upon any works of the kind? Until matters be definitely settled here, I propose to instruct my Logic class mainly through the medium of my notes (in MS.), of which, also, I shall give them the use.

I was much gratified, indeed, at observing the high and well-merited distinction you lately obtained from the Con-

tinent—a feeling in which I am sure all connected with the Queen's Colleges participate.

Believe me to remain,

With much respect,

Yours very faithfully,

THOMAS W. MOFFETT.

D, page 203.

Dr. Blakey's "History of Political Literature" was published in 2 vols. octavo, by Mr. Richard Bentley, in 1855, in which the subject is treated from the earliest times to the year 1700. The third and fourth volumes are in MS., and remain as yet unpublished. They show immense research.

E, page 228.

Soon after this period Dr. Blakey received a pension of £100 per annum from the Civil List. The petition in his behalf, addressed to the Prime Minister, the Earl of Aberdeen, was signed by the following:—

Edward Warner, M.P., M.A. Oxon.

John Forbes, Knight, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., Physician to her Majesty's Household.

Robert Gillan, D.D., Minister of St. John's, Glasgow.

John Ker, D.D., Minister of the United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow.

George Townsend, D.D., Canon of Durham.

John Davies, D.D., Rector of Gateshead.

Robert Montgomery, M.A. Oxon.

William Farr, M.D.

Peter Cunningham, F.S.A.

William Beattie, M.D.

F, page 228.

As the list mentioned is not given in Dr. Blakey's MS., the Editor begs to supply it, together with a list of some of Dr. Blakey's works already published, with critical notices.

HISTORY OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE MIND. Dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness Prince Albert. In 4 Vols.—Longmans and Co.

"For the thorough student of the History of Philosophy, this is his best guide."—*Athenaeum*.

"Dr. Blakey's work is likely to find a place in the student's library: it supplies a chasm in English literature, his style is always clear, and often eloquent."—*Christian Observer*.

"The design is one of universal interest, and the execution not inferior to its magnitude."—*Literary Gazette*.

"We have no work to be compared with it in the English language."—*Eclectic Review*.

"Throughout the whole work we have followed Dr. Blakey with great interest, and with unalloyed pleasure. His undertaking was an arduous one; for we believe it is the first work of the kind which has been produced in England."—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

"The author is known for other able works on Metaphysical Philosophy; but in the present work he has achieved a task which ought to place his volumes in the hands of every philosopher, and himself in the first rank of the metaphysicians of the day."—*Britannia*.

"For having carried this daring undertaking to a successful issue, Dr. Blakey is alike entitled to our encomium and our congratulations. He has inscribed his name upon the history of Metaphysics, and in so doing must have assuredly realized his loftiest ambition."—*Sun*.

"It is by far the most perfect history of mental science our language possesses."—*Critic*.

"The author is a decided supporter of a philosophy that acknowledges the spiritual and spontaneous character of the intellect, and which purifies, ennobles, and elevates man's whole being."—*Nonconformist*.

"The readers of these volumes will find a great mass of information relating to the Philosophy of Mind, imparted in an honest and candid spirit."—*Morning Post*.

"The best work calculated to give the general reader a just and comprehensive view of Continental speculation, which is now displaying its effects in every country across the channel."—*Globe*.

"We hail this work as one of deep interest, and of inestimable value."—*Educational Times*.

"The author's name deserves to be rendered at once renowned and honoured for the achievement he has effected in these noble volumes."—*Church and State Gazette*.

"There is no work like this in the English language; it is one of those achievements which mark an era."—*Standard of Freedom*.

"The volumes are admirably adapted to assist the young student of mental philosophy in mastering his subjects."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

"One of the most able and learned productions in Europe."—*Brussels Constitutional*.

The following Testimonies are from Foreign Authors of Distinction as to the merits of DR. BLAKEY's "History of the Philosophy of Mind":—

"Not only France, but the whole of Europe are under a deep obligation to you for your able work on the History of Philosophy."—*Victor Cousin, late Minister of Public Instruction in France, and author of many works on Philosophy*.

"Your work on Philosophy does you the highest credit."—*Count Mamiani, late Prime Minister to Pope Pius IX., and a distinguished author on Mental Science*.

"Your work is known and highly appreciated in every University in Italy."—*Vinc-Gioberti, late Sardinian Ambassador at the Court of Paris, and the author of many valuable works on Philosophy*.

"It is impossible to overrate the value of your large work on the Philosophy of Mind."—*Professor Schwarzs, of the University of Liège*.

"Your History of the Philosophy of Mind is an able and learned work."—*Arnaud Sainte, Hamburg, the author of many works on Philosophical subjects*.

"A highly valuable book."—*Sylvain van de Weyer, Belgian Ambassador at the Court of London*.

"Your learned and able work on Philosophy is well entitled to a public acknowledgment."—*From a Letter written by his Majesty King Leopold, with the presentation of his Gold Medal, as an approval of Dr. Blakey's work*.

"I think the arrangement of your work is perfect."—*Professor Ubachs, President of the University of Louvain*.

THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL LITERATURE.

From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. In 4 Vols.—Bentley, London.

“To his task Dr. Blakey has brought no common diligence and integrity. His object was to collect, arrange, and condense notes on the political theories and speculations of ancient and modern times, and he has succeeded in producing a book of a standard character. When the work, which now brings us no further than the year 1700, has reached its fourth and concluding part, it will, if the second half be not inferior to the first, deserve a permanent place in historical libraries. When we say this, we mean to confer no slight praise on the author.”—*Athenaeum.*

“An admirable and useful work.”—*Morning Chronicle.*

HISTORY OF MORAL SCIENCE. 2 Vols. 8vo.

—Duncan, London ; M. Ogle, Glasgow.

“Dr. Blakey’s volumes are a valuable addition to the practical science of mind. We recommend them to the lovers of moral science.”—*Athenaeum.*

“We have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with the intelligent author of these two elegant volumes ; but from the slight examination of his labours, we must pronounce him to be a diligent student, a correct thinker, and a person of the best moral feeling. His work will be most valuable to students at college, and also to those who wish, by a small portion of reading, to form some accurate idea of the various systems of mental science which have obtained from the peripatetic school downwards.”—*Evangelical Magazine.*

“In perspicuity of style, in accuracy of deduction, in the neatness and compression with which the substance of the several works examined by Dr. Blakey has been written, few books on the subject can be compared with the present.”—*Tyne Mercury.*

“A more instructive or interesting work can hardly be imagined ; and we earnestly recommend the student of moral philosophy, who feels the necessary brevity of a course of lectures too contracted to admit him to acquaintance with the many guides to moral truth, whose names he may hear, and to whose opinions he may be referred, to provide himself with a copy of the book under notice.”—*Abras.*

“This work has every recommendation to popularity ; and as

far as we have been able to examine it, we must say that the author appears to have executed his difficult and laborious task with great talent and impartiality."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

"The work will be useful to those who wish to know what the different moral and metaphysical writers, with whose names only they are at present acquainted, have said, without the trouble of reading their voluminous works."—*Sun*.

"To meet a desideratum which not only the general and intelligent, but the learned and philosophical reader must feel, Dr. Blakey has here produced a work of great utility."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Without affecting a critical knowledge of this abstract subject, we may safely commend these impartial and candid summaries to the favourable attention of such of our readers as may desire a useful map or guide-book to facilitate their progress to the regions of ethical science."—*Leeds Mercury*.

"As a synopsis of what has been written on ethics in this country, it is certainly a useful book and will afford the means of acquiring that knowledge with little labour, which to have sought in the many volumes written on this subject, will be found scarcely to repay the trouble."—*Cobbett's Magazine and Monthly Review*.

"An excellent book."—*Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers*.

"Very interesting volumes."—*Professor Wilson, Edinburgh*.

"Your volumes will take an honourable position in the standard philosophical literature of our country."—*Dr. Robert Southey*.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF LOGIC: From the Earliest Times to the Present Day.—Bailliere, London; Nichol, Edinburgh.

"For a work of reference, this work will be exceedingly valuable. It is a mine from which succeeding writers on logic will be sure to dig largely."—*Economist*.

"A learned, judicious, and masterly sketch."—*Christian Times*.

"No thinking man's library should be without it."—*Northern Whig*.

"Dr. Blakey has produced a book which will render his name famous in his own days, and hand it down to a remote posterity."—*British Banner*.

"The author uses plain, forcible, and elegant language. The work is probably the most complete sketch ever written on any given subject."—*Examiner*.

"To Dr. Blakey's volume we give our decided commendation. He traverses a large and comprehensive field with clearness of eye and firmness of step."—*Glasgow Guardian*.

"Dr. Blakey's history is one of the best works that has appeared for a long time. It will rank among the first-class treatises on Metaphysical Science."—*Edinburgh Witness*.

"The work should have a place in all Libraries of Philosophy and History, as it partakes of the nature of both."—*Critic*.

"An elaborate work, the result of much patient investigation and very extensive reading."—*Britannia*.

"The author has the happy art of investing every subject handled by him with an attractive lucidness, and of clothing it in the best and simplest garb of an unexceptionably clear and beautiful English style. The work is quite a desideratum. We have hitherto had no complete history of logic."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

"The value of Dr. Blakey's treatise is, that it is the most complete work on the subject extant."—*Standard of Freedom*.

"A learned and able work."—*Church of England Quarterly Review*.

THE TEMPORAL BENEFITS OF CHRISTIANITY.

—Longmans and Co.

"The survey of the author is very wide, and it is simple justice to affirm that he has dealt with it most ably, bringing to it a mind of superior power, high culture, and extensive attainments in that species of literature. There is much in the volume from which statesmen might learn and profit, could they humble themselves to receive instruction. Dr. Blakey has clearly shown that the great principles of the Bible are just the great principles after which the emancipated spirit of man is everywhere aspiring."—*British Banner*.

"A valuable publication, written with an earnest and Catholic spirit. Its pages can be most advantageously consulted by readers of all classes and sects."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"Throughout the work Dr. Blakey exerts the singular assiduity in selecting, and skill in arranging his materials, so evident in his 'History of the Philosophy of Mind.'"—*Educational Times*.

"Dr. Blakey writes with the vigorous ease of a full mind. He wastes no words. Every sentence is a thought. He has so much to say that he cannot afford to be prosy. Nevertheless, there is no stiffness in his style; nothing dry or dogmatic in his

manner. It is precisely the sort of book that is wanted in every household—a book for Sunday reading, which never lapses into dulness, and the perusal of which nobody will feel to be a task."—*Oritic.*

A TREATISE ON THE DIVINE AND HUMAN WILLS. 1 Vol. 8vo.

"An elaborate work on a subject of the highest moment. We recommend this work as one of much thought, and as possessing a solid and valuable character."—*Pulpit.*

"A profound and excellent work."—*Cobbett's Political Register.*

THE SECRET HISTORY OF DISSENT, Illustrated in the Life of the Rev. Josiah Thompson.—Henderson, London.

"We advise all persons who are desirous of knowing the *spirit* of the Secession Churches, the great evils attending churches voluntarily supported, and the effect on the character and conduct of the minister as well as of the congregation, to read this amusing and instructive little volume. The character of the Rev. Josiah Thompson is admirably drawn, and worthy to be framed and glazed."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"An amusing and clever little work. It will keep up the reader's laughter from the beginning to the end. Its caricature is frequently very happy; for although the pictures are exaggerations, the author has fixed upon the foibles and practices of proselytizers with firmness and distinctness, and hit them smartly."—*Monthly Review.*

THE ANGLER'S GUIDE TO THE RIVERS AND LOCHS OF SCOTLAND.—Murray & Son, Glasgow; Bogue, London.

"With Robert Burns in one pocket and Robert Blakey in the other, in company with a flask of mountain dew, we cannot conceive a more charming fishing excursion than among the romantic and storied scenery of Scotland. Certainly among the five or six hundred works that have been written on the art of angling since printing was invented, this may take a worthy position with the best."—*The Field.*

"Others than anglers, excursionists of any sort, will find the

book an excellent guide to the beauties and sublimities of our mountain land."—*Greenock Advertiser*.

"No angler should visit the north without this volume in his basket. It will be a treasure to him."—*Critic*.

"The author urges his readers to seize the rod and line, quotes Herodotus and Daniel Webster, and insists that there is no better way of repairing the vital principle. Many good pages occur in his volume; and some of the descriptions of scenery are really admirable."—*Athenæum*.

"If any of our London friends are going north this summer, with rod and line, in search of salmon and trout, they will of a certainty feel grateful to us, if they follow our advice and pocket this book before setting forward on the journey. Under Mr. Blakey's guidance he will run little danger of returning from a day's fishing with an empty creel. The author writes with the true feeling of an angler and a lover of Nature."—*Tait's Magazine*.

ANGLING ; OR, HOW TO ANGLE, AND WHERE TO GO.—G. Routledge & Co.

"One of the best books ever published on the subject, containing more practical information than dozens of its pretentious rivals."—*The Field*.

"The hundred and eighty-seven pages, which make up this shilling pocket volume, contain as much matter as many a three-volume novel put forth at thirty times the price; and the matter seems good, full of practical suggestions, honest common sense, not excluding a love of Nature, and a relishing memory of the poets."—*Athenæum*.

ANGLING EXCURSIONS IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

"A work of great literary ability."—*Morning Post*.

"The novelty and value of this work lies in its information regarding the rivers in the North of France and Belgium, which are now much resorted to by English followers of the gentle art. The author is a genuine brother of the craft; his trips along the French rivers are full of picturesqueness and detail of life as well as of angling."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

"Here is another elegant and charming volume. The author writes with ease and elegance, and, what is more, he thinks wisely, and feels kindly and gentle."—*Tait's Magazine*.

"The writer's acquaintance with French and Belgian waters leads to some novelty; and anglers roaming in these parts may arrive at much healthful sport and amusement by consulting these pages."—*Literary Gazette*.

"The enthusiast of the gentle art, as it is called, will find interest in this book. The writer has handled his subject as his disciples ought to handle their flies—lightly."—*Sporting Magazine*.

SHOOTING : A Manual of Practical Information on this Branch of British Field Sports.—Routledge and Co.

"This excellent 'Manual' should be in the hands of every sportsman who wishes to increase the pleasure and the success of the amusement by the aid of science. The concise history of the different birds makes the work valuable as a treatise on ornithology."—*Bell's Life in London*.

"This is a capital handbook on Shooting and well illustrated. It is written with clearness and brevity, and is amply sufficient to impart to a young and aspiring sportsman such a bird's-eye view of the chief things he has to learn and attend to, as will greatly facilitate his acquisition of the whole art of shooting game of every kind."—*The Field*.

"This Treatise on Shooting, for the use of sportsmen and amateurs, combines with amusement a great mass of information most agreeably conveyed. It is, indeed, a very superior volume."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

Dr. Blakey has also published the following works :—

"Lives of the Primitive Fathers of the Church." 1 Vol. 8vo.

"Lives of the Christian Hermits of the Desert." 1 Vol. 8vo.

"Old Faces in New Masks." 1 Vol. 8vo.

"Angler's Guide to the Rivers and Lakes of England and Wales."

"Historical Sketch of Angling Literature of all Nations."

"The Angler's Song Book."

In addition to these published works, Dr. Blakey has left in MS., ready for the press, the following:—

- “Historical Sketch of Rhetoric from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.”
- “Lectures on Logic.”
- “History of Political Literature.” Vols. III. and IV.
- “Historical Sketch of Caricature from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.”
- “History of Mental Philosophy.” Vol. V.
- “Literary, Historical, Artistic, and Philosophical Essays.”
2 Vols.
- “Political Essays.” 3 Vols.
- “Fables and Proverbs on Angling and Fishing.”
- “The Old Vicarage; or, Diggessions on Many Things.”

The Editor has read the third and fourth volumes, in MS., of Dr. Blakey’s “History of Political Literature.” They show an amount of extraordinary research. Should they ever be published, they will be a valuable contribution to this department of philosophical inquiry, and complete a work of exceptional worth of its kind. Similar remarks might be made of Dr. Blakey’s “Lectures on Caricature,” his “Chit-Chat on Fish and Fishing,” and “The Old Vicarage,” which have also been left in MS. It is rarely, indeed, that philosophy, poetry, and pleasantry are presented in such popular and attractive forms.

as/ Dr. Blakey ~~had~~ also left seventy-eight folio volumes of prints and engravings (British and Foreign), ancient ballads, newspaper and magazine extracts, &c. &c., forming the gathering of his lifetime, and being, perhaps, one of the rarest and most valuable collections of its kind in this country at the present hour.

FINIS.

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